

DRILL

SLUG

MERMAN
ORANGE 9MM
SERIAL KILLER
OF THE MONTH
MR. PINK VIDEO
DAILY CALENDAR
SABBATHON
PSYCHO CORNER
FREE
SEPTEMBER
96

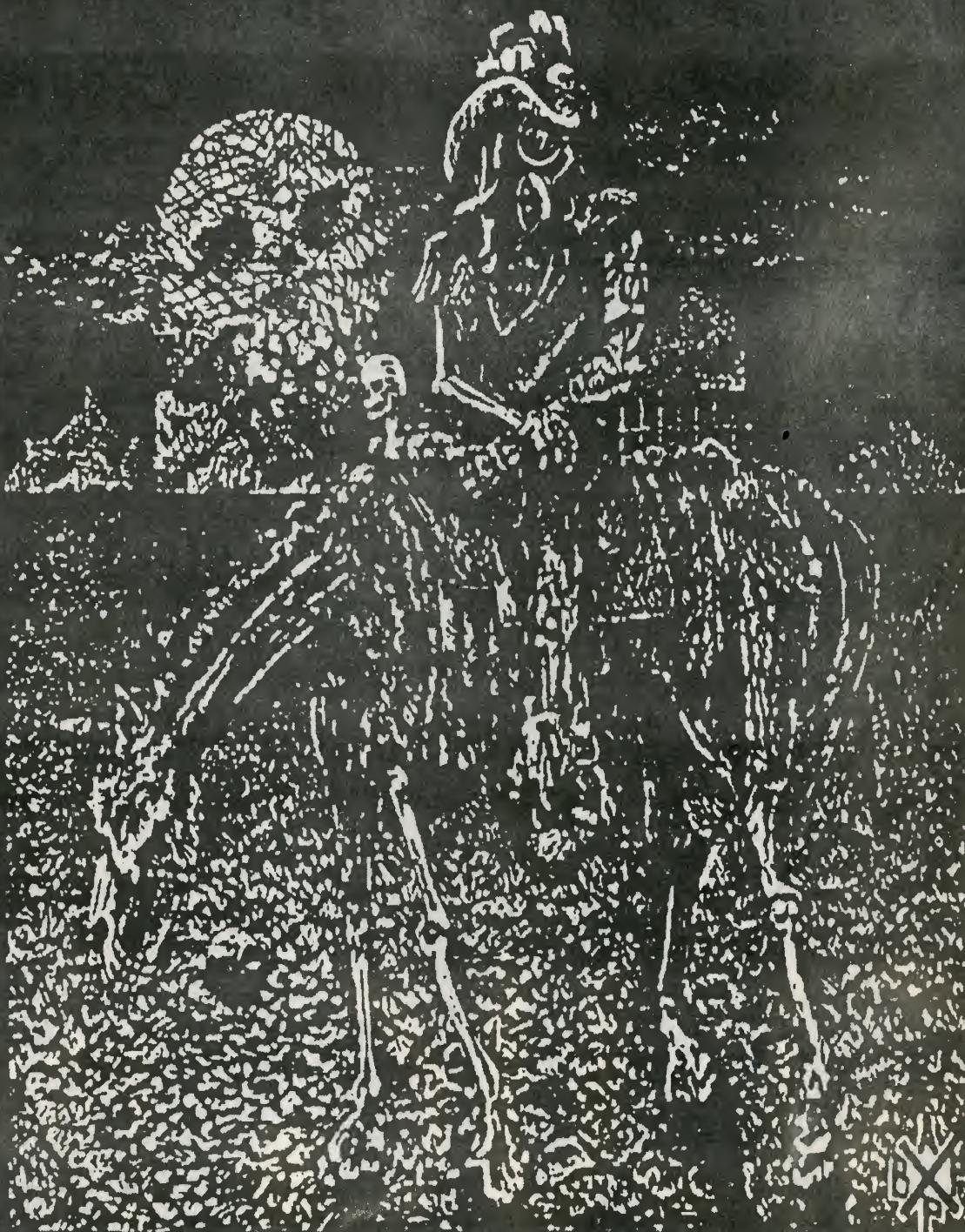
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1121 East Downington 484.3778
a fucked up place to get some shit

SLUG

SEPTEMBER 1996

VOLUME 8

ISSUE 9 - #93

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Salt City, Burts, Mom and Bella

SLUG is published by the 5th of each month. The writing is contributed by freelance writers. The writing is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of SLUG. SLUG is not legally responsible for its writers or advertisers. If you don't agree with what is said...WRITE. All submissions must be received no later than the 25th of the month. We try not to edit any of the writing that is sent. We thank everyone for the continued support.

SLUG is printed by the 5th of each month, the deadline is the 1st of each month...Git it?

—SLUG STAFF

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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dickheads,

Hahahahahahahahahahahaha, hooooo, hahahahahahahahahaha, hee.

Yes Comrade—the proletariat underground must rise up against the corporate overlords who rule with an iron fist over our land!

Do you honestly believe even half of the filler you come up with? Of course, you do SLUG out of the goodness of your heart—for the people, right? Also, it actually takes more imagination to be inoffensive. Drivel? Read Bustin' The Nut lately? Dip into the vast SLUG reserves, buy Miserable Dave a shotgun, and let him exercise his God-given 2nd Amendment rights, Kurt-style—then maybe they'll move some CD's.

For the 100th time, JR didn't create SLUG: the blame belongs to Zay and Paul at the Speedway... I didn't think you printed real letters anymore—did you actually expect anyone to believe that "Michelle's" wasn't a total fraud? Are you that far gone?

—Bill

Dear Dickheads,

I READ SLUG FAIRLY AND SOMETIMES FOR YEARS. I JUST WANT TO KNOW ONE THING. WHY DO YOU ALWAYS LIP ON GAY? JUST LIKE YOU DID ON DRUGS. I DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO READS GRID AND ALL I SEE ARE PIG STACKS OF IT THAT NO ONE DICKS UP.

DOESN'T YOU THINK IT JUST GIVES THEM MORE ATTENTION WHEN YOU SAY HOW MUCH THEY SUCK? (AND THEY DO SINCE KIDS).

Your loyal slave,

Michelle.

XO

ED: Eat me Bill...

Dear Mike Knowles C/O Slug,

To paraphrase the immortal Brandon Lee "Oh great—more(Censor) Cops". Actually, you were indeed attempting to protest, deny, endorse and eschew your own personal conflicting feeling about "The Church". Whatever happened to "Me Casa Su Casa" regarding practicing L.D.S. that claim to espouse an innocuous, self-assured "Example" to convert the "way ward"? Hoping to extol the virtues of righteousness, somehow justice becomes obviated. Merely attend any summer jello

reunion and find yourself in the midst of

covert verbal backlash from touchy, testy proponents of dyed-in-the-(white)-wool faithfull. Yea verily, these are the brethren and sisters often lacking the courtesy and restraint esteemed. Vocalizing the unwavering truth termed "The Gospel", the goal is to fortify this caustic illusion (delusion?) at all costs. Therefore, I must ne'er engage in tactful debate. God Forbid! Thus, onus of insult isn't even available. Never mind that the offending matrix is camouflaged to avoid the (scary) concept of (YIICHS!) Blasphemy. Thus, thee apostate is silenced... so, we converse on safer ground with commonalities that masquerade as tolerance. No chance to express discontent, utilize a plausible (feasable?) hypothesis, or a philisophical treatise in the vernacular. Gee whiz, gory be!

Knowles has stretched the loyalty factor with gaured, blanket statements—as if the (reading) audience owes "Hypocrisy" life-n-limb. The metaphor of the sisyphus myth shall suffice to depict how our own effort, although admirable, are in vain where hypocrisy is concerned. Liar, liar pants afire if you beleive you're not a hypocrit! Granted, the vilified raunch ad struck a nerve in probably more than one consumer thereof. Much in the same vein that supercilious straight men fear gay guys, it exposes their latent homosexual tendencies. But then, I disagree from the aformentioned topic... Admit it vacillating betwixt truthfullness and impertinent hyperbole, there's a level of accuracy in the ad's portrayal of Klanish racism and Mormon bigotry. Don't tell me you've neglected revelatory highlights of (forgotten) church history? Not until the late 70's were African Americans allowed into the priesthood Heirarchy, still never endowed to women. Just as long as it's convenient for "Lawfull Times" to be jingoistic sycophant (i.e. outlawing polygamy to gain statehood). And believe me, I'm sick-at-heart for the blaring injustices steeped in Mormon traditions. Namely, the culprit Patriarchy. Utah's high ratio of teenage (esp. homosexual)

suicides, pioneering subpar wages(esp. Women's), domestic (esp. child) abuse—exceeding N'l averages. Something is desperately wrong with this picture, eh?

Enough dispensing prophylactic consequences. Ahem, Mr. Knowles! This rally of censorship you've sought, I'll chalk-up to youthful inexperienced, fashionably late superficial wounds, and the inability to expand the humor simension in all it's glorious hues (including chicanery, sarcasm and inspired, sharp wit). God knows these so-called God-given talents fail on ignorant senses when scared smegheheads take themselves so sour grape and lemon seriously. God bless some semblance of guilty parody or a close facsimil.

Pardon my blatant writer's embellishment, also.

Utah is plenty weird and pretty quirky. The happy fucking valley of brief attention spans and (a local musicians) dissolving dreams. Those kin awaiting Mormon come-toot-yer-horn 'til kingdome cometh and those other kin feigning ignorane of the ignarous 'til hell freezes over. Oh Joy! (IR) regardless, there's no place like home. Trust me, I can vouch following to expoentials R-N-R vacations at Orlando and Yellowstone. Perhaps I'm too world-weary for exoneration (or for my own good). Yet, this underground-alternative has bolstered passion for tenacious knowledge in living according to autonomous precepts of personal and tangible surmise. Needless to say. I'm proud to be a black sheep apostate to the affiliated Mormon fold. Diligent to the unending quest for freedom from the confine of organized religion(s). Striving for emancipation, once and for all! Now wouldn't that be a bloody marvelous accomplishment via humanity? Since my soapbox is finished here, you may all quip "Oh shut-up, Lars!"

Viscerally yours,
Laura Swensen

Dear Dickheads,

Why doesn't Mike Knowles pull his head out of Brigham Young's ass. His religion's a lie. I went to church, and I fully believe that most Mormons are EVIL and should be criticized

for being the White Supremists that he claims them not to be. I'm not caucasian and the Mormon kids even most of their parents let me know that I wasn't like them. This wasn't just in one area and one church because my white mother and my black father tried several times in several churches to worship, because they believe in the L.D.S. Church, without being treated different and just to go to church in peace.

Fuck You Mike Know-less.

The Smoking,
Caffeine drinking,

Ty Smith

(I always thought it was a nice Mormon name).

DEAR
DICKHEADS
2120 s. 700 e.
suite h-200
s.l.c. ut 84106/1894



Mr. Pink's Video Review

This month was kinda like eating French pizza. Doesn't quite look right and tastes even weird.

Nine Months Hugh Grant brings new meaning to the phrase "shitty fucking British actor" If you rent this movie, odds of a shitty night go way up.

A Reason to Believe Should be called 'a reason to bore me out of my fucking skull' A good movie to show someone you hate, or if you need some sleep

From Dusk Till Dawn Tarantino & co. do it again! Kickass flick with a monster twist (pun) If you know what happens, see it anyway. If you don't, go go go to the video store and beat the clerk over the head.

Vampire in Brooklyn Two great bloodsuckers in one month? Well, not exactly. This is pretty dumb and only worth renting if you are totally bored & too tired to masturbate.

Executive Decision A government intelligence expert and a computer engineer team up with 5 covert op military agents to board a 757 from the belly door hatch @ 40,000 ft, kill all the terrorists (who have killed both pilots) while disarming a toxic gas bomb & land the plane (which is partially destroyed) before it crashes and still have time to get a date with Halle Berry. Why not, Grid is still in business.

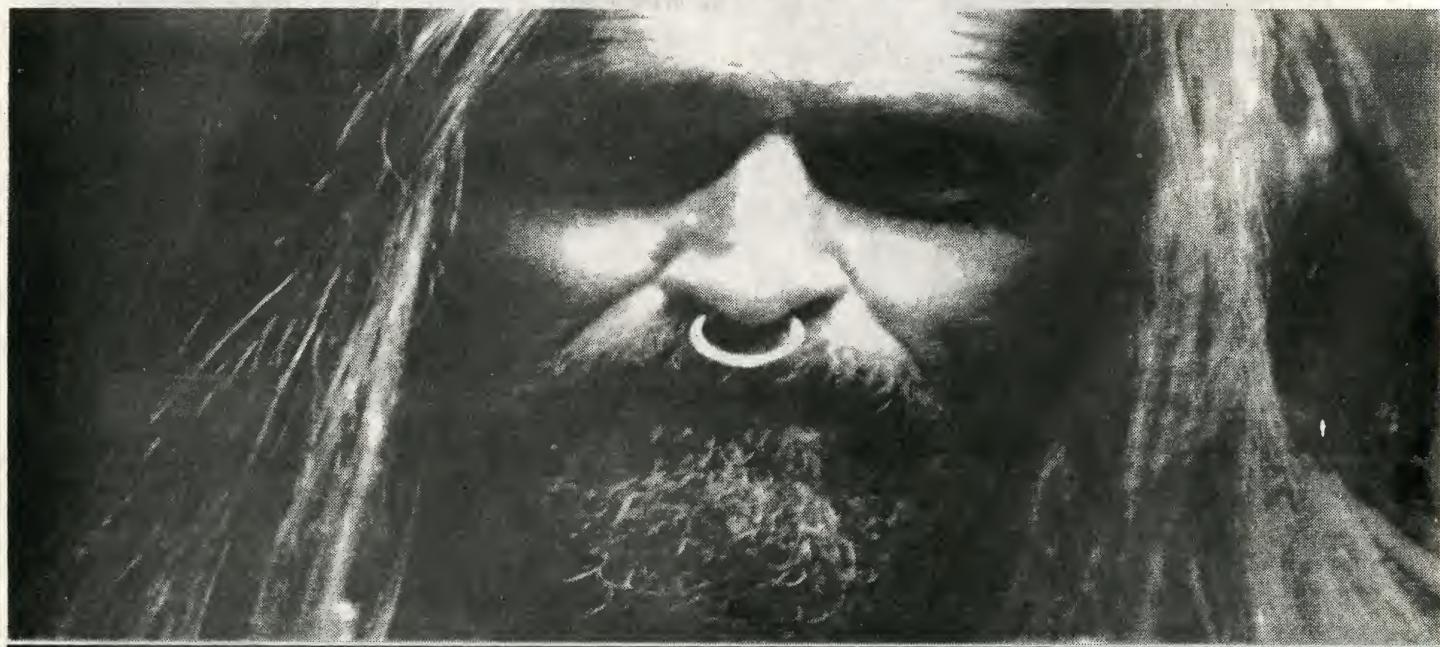
The Substitute Tom Berenger is one of those guys who can make a stupid, dull character seem interesting & cool. Too bad he didn't do that in this movie. What a pisser. One of the shittiest movies of the year by far. Even the punk bad guy is a pussy.

Mary Reilly If you only see one movie this month, this is it.

Spooky from start to finish, John Malkovich seems to scare everyone, including Julia Roberts, who turns in one of her best performances ever. Maybe because she was freaked out by Malkovich's intensity.

...till next month

—Mr. Pink



Southern Thunder Tattoo



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So when I'm not out shoving my head up the Obvious' asses looking for nuggets of talent to steal from, or thinking about new and improved ways to tool with Shawn Boy Walton's anus so he can not play my band's record on his mighty radio station (which I listen to and support, by the way) I'm generally spending my time these days attending funerals for close friends and family members. At least that's how this past month went. I just got back from my grandmother's funeral in New Jersey (hours after she listened to the newly released Lugnut CD she complained of chest pains, shortness of breath and severe gastritis, the next morning she died!) two days ago and I am leaving for Maui at 7:30 am tomorrow so I've got to be quick because it's already past two and my vacation won't start until I've finished my nut busting. Now let's just clarify something here my fellow SLUG reader's. This article is called *Bustin' the Nut*, right? I mean the whole point is to bust people's balls that can and should take a ball busting every once in awhile and in return get my own balls busted right back like we were all good friends just giving each other charlie horses and laughing at each other's ten seconds of pain and bruises and then going out side and smoking the peace pipe, knowing that the vast majority of us will never get to see the level of fame and success of, say, Milli Vanilli or Phil Collins. That's just the way I see it, I could be wrong. Like if the title of the article was "Tickle the Tossies in the Posies" I would write about all kinds of different complacent shit that doesn't bother anyone and probably end up reviewing bake sales and family home evening arts and crafts with Elbo Finn and talk about Clover's favorite recipie for sugar cookies and such. But fuck all that. I like the more aggressive in your face approach to making an ass out of yourself. It gives me a sense of patriotism and national pride. Not enough people tell you how they really feel about things and when they finally do they seldom are able to back it up with any amount of corrective criticism or analysis. I really wish more people would write a letter or drop a line and give me their take on what goes on out here in happy valley and what could be done to improve it. Like how to put on and promote successful all ages shows at places like the Davis County Fairgrounds as opposed to always playing the local club circuit. Most of our music is geared toward the kids anyway. So without any radio support or places to play to our target crowd, a lot of us hard edged bands are just fucked.

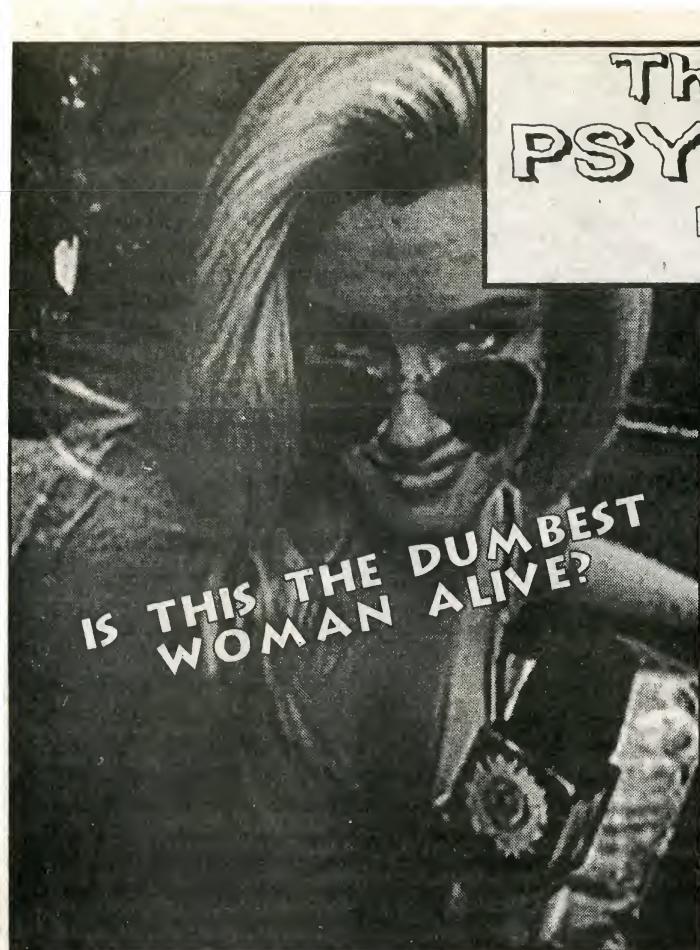
BUSTIN THE NUT

—David McClellan

And it's not like there's not a demand for hard music out here. Slayer, Korn, Deftones, and tons of other heavy bands always manage to sell out the all ages venues that they play at consistently. Sometimes, when I'm alone and drunk and in my bed at night with the air conditioning on full blast I get the feeling that the whole alternative rock craze has just about shriveled up and died. That makes it harder to market a band but better to create your music without having any boundaries about what you are supposed to be like. My 18 year old brother and all his friends still listen to the first three Metallica albums like they came out yesterday. Isn't it ironic... don't cha think! So I'm in New York City last week after the very Italian funeral and I'm walking with my good friend Steve down 54th St. towards the Museum of Modern Art where they were having a big Picasso exhibit and I hear Steve say: "Hey, there's that guy who's got that daughter..." And I'm looking down at the street walking in typical NYC fashion and I go: "The guy with the daughter..." So Steve, who is gay and has a very distinctive voice says: "You know that guy... his daughter just finished that film... that Liv Tyler something or other..." So I'm like: "Liv Tyler? You mean Steven Tyler...?" and I look up and Aerosmith is standing in the middle of the sidewalk in front of us at some posh midtown hotel with a European name that I can't remember hanging their luggage on racks and checking in. It was kind of depressing. They all looked really old and thinner than I remember them looking in concert way back when. The guy with the blonde hair even looked stupid, I thought, like he was trying hard as hell to hold on to every last ounce of youth that he had just to make an impression. We didn't stop and gawk or anything obscene like that, no I only did that when I ran into Woody Allen on the upper East Side that one time a few years ago. I just thought it was funny how it all happened and how my friend said it. Guess you had to be there. Frank Zappa was a mother. Picasso was a motherfucker. CBGB's is the coolest underground rock club in the world. A ten dollar corn beef sandwich from the Carnegie deli is bigger than your head. The Lugnut CD probably killed my grandmother, and tomorrow I'm going to swim with the tiger sharks in Hawaii and forget about all of this bullshit. See you all at the CD release party on the 21st at the Bar and Grill. Right now I'm on vacation.

—David McClellan





The return of... PSYCHO CORNER

by J.T. & The Fatman

The Decline of the Next Civilization Or Hey Man It's Retro!

Today's music/ youth scene. Could it be any more of a joke? T.V. and Radio want teens and young adults to think of themselves as the progressive, free thinking 90's generation. Reality is that they have turned you into sheep. How many people do you know with pierced belly buttons? How many bands sound exactly alike? When did dressing like an idiot become cool? The only thing worse than the big pants little shirt look is you 70's retro boneheads. You idiots will buy anything they put in front of you! And you wanna be Jazz MFers. (Flea) Don't even get me started. Knowing who Miles & Trane were does not give you license to speak on the subject. Shut Up! It is scary to think of these kids with real jobs. Maybe that's how the cycle continues. Get one of your kind in a decision making position and you wind up with people like Jenny McCarthy on your MTV getting rich with her god given talents of fake boobs and acting like an imbecile! And she makes the cover of Rolling Stone! How stupid is this woman? Who knows. You just dig her legs bro! Of course the irony is that this article is exactly like ten others you've read and said to yourself "I'm different". No You're Not! So for your benefit we've categorized some character traits for the clone generation. If any of these fit you...guess what. The truth hurts.

Retro Dresser Geek- Any clothes with flowers or psychedelic designs.

Retro Dresser Geek Chic- Same but add ugly vest and thrift store shoes.

Retro Bad Haircut Geek/Chic- If your hair slightly resembles Micheal Stipe, Singer from Bush or anyone in Everclear. (Bad dye job).

Retro Loser Artist Geek- You know who you are. And you have the ugly shirts to prove it. Much too cool to get a job.

Retro 90's Music Geek- If you own any of these records. FooFighters, Beck, Any 70's or 80's compilation, Macarena.

Retro 90's 'I'm not a Geek' Geek - You're either from some other city or used to live somewhere else so you think everywhere's cooler than here but you're still here.

Guess what...? This is where you're going.

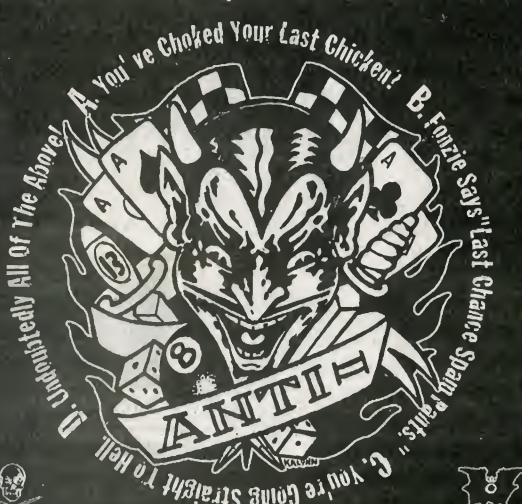
Well I hope we've helped you realize what idiots you truly are. No worries you haven't the balls to write letters.

(X-96 antenna balls don't count)

Hugs and Kisses... and oh yeah... nice pants!

—JT & The Fatman.

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So I went down to an X-96 show without an X-card. "Where is your X-card?" "What's that?" "You don't have an X-card?" "I don't know what an X-card is." Luckily Drill's tour manager walked by. I saw Drill and left. The coolest thing about seeing Drill live was the guy standing next to me. This dude, who was extremely hip, so hip in fact that he'd bleached a forelock blond to contrast with his naturally occurring brunette hair, kept shouting, "show us your tits." Show us your tits? Why are you here sir? Tits are easily viewed at countless "titty bars" around town. If you want to see tits why aren't you at Golden Trails or some other similar venue? DV8 is a music club. Please go away.

The band had some equipment problems during their set. Mainly a malfunctioning guitar. I kept waiting for Dan Harnett, the guitarist, to explode and destroy something. He seemed on the verge, but he never did. Meanwhile Lucia Cifarelli, Drill's vocalist took over the stage, nipples erect and screamed. Those erect nipples are probably the reason the dude was so excited to see some tits. She does get into the performance, just a little bit.

Before this all occurred I spent some time on Drill's bus talking with Lucia. How does this virtually unknown young band afford a bus? The **EMPIRE RECORDS** soundtrack rears its financially successful head once again. "What You Are," a song also present on the debut, and one of the highlights live, is also on the soundtrack album. Lucia is a talker. I like talkers, it makes my job easy, except when deadline time approaches. Some portions of the conversation were deleted. Hopefully what remains presents a picture of how sincere Lucia is about her art. "Product" isn't mentioned once. She is a performer, a writer, a vocalist and an artist, not a manufactured item for consumption. "Show us your tits." What a fool!

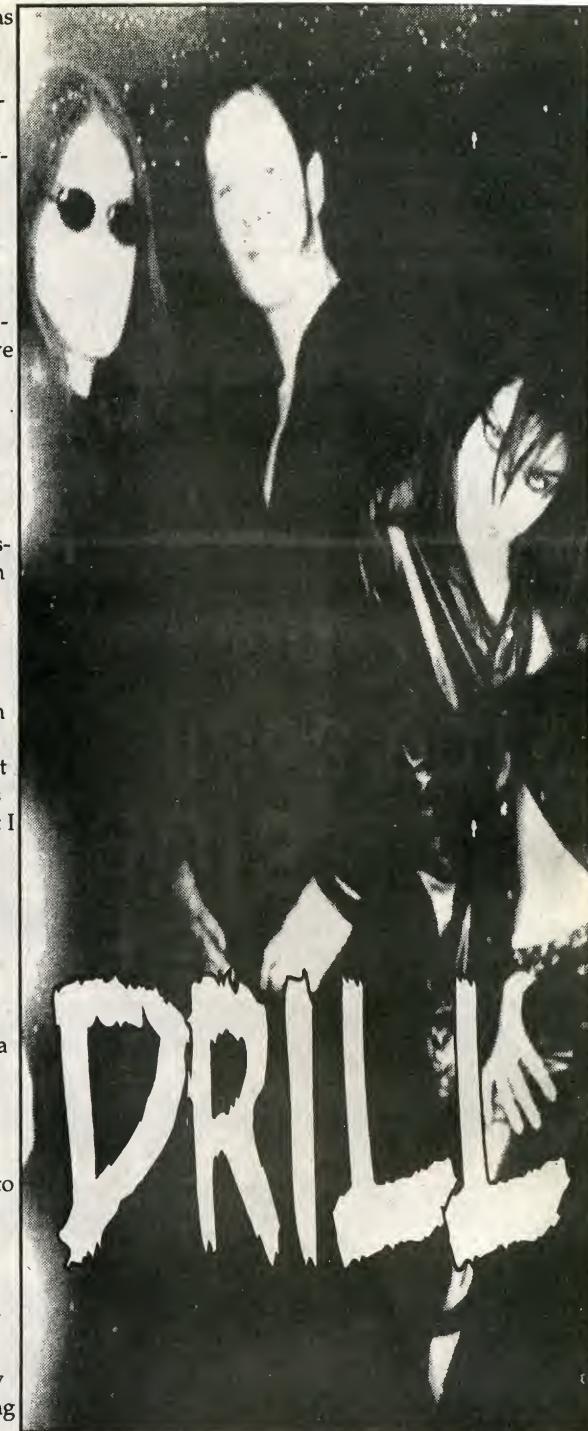
SLUG: "Your bio says you met Dan through an ad in the Village Voice. What were you two doing at the time?" **Lucia:** "He was working on songs, he was coming up with arrangements and weird trips in his studio and I was working with various people and in search of my other musical half. I was writing with a lot of other people, I was honing my craft and feeling unfulfilled because I wasn't able to find anybody that could make a commitment to the project. And when I say 'the project' I mean a band. I joined one band during the time before I hooked up with Dan. It was a good experience because I was able to get over my stage fright."

SLUG: You had stage fright?" **Lucia:** "I don't have it anymore, I still get nervous before every show, but I had stage fright for a really long time and I used the band I was in before I hooked up with Dan more as a platform to get over that. That band wasn't going

anywhere and most of the musicians I was meeting during that time had inflated egos and were so overly confident that they weren't interested in anything that I had to contribute. I was studying voice, studying opera, and Dan placed an ad in the Village Voice. He was looking for a singer/songwriter and he had his influences listed in the paper. I called. I would always flip through the "Village Voice." I love the classifieds. I don't answer them I just love to read them. But, I answered his and as it turned out he lived a couple of blocks from me. We hit it off. It was convenient, he respected what I did, what my strong points are. I respected what his were and we started working together. It wasn't instantaneous. We went through a lot of different players. We'd get some musicians and in order for them to stay they wanted to get paid and we didn't have money to pay anybody. Or the other situation was they wanted to have equal say in the creative process. Once we got together the sounds and the chords that he was playing, the things that I was doing with my voice and the melodies...it all happened really naturally. We didn't want anybody to fuck with that process. We went through quite a few musicians before we finally hooked up with the guys we have now playing on the record. And we pay them. It is a band, it has to be a band because that's the way everything was put together. When you tour and you travel, you get close to people and you want it to develop and fuse into something special. We're working on that."

SLUG: "Dan's from Ireland. How did he arrive in the United States and set up a studio?" **Lucia:** "He's originally from Limerick, Ireland and he was really stifled with the scene that was going on over there. He decided to pick up and move to New York. He had a hundred dollars in his pocket, he threw all his clothes into a garbage bag and came over. A pretty amazing thing for somebody who's never been to the states to do. He did whatever he could. At the time he was doing a lot of carpentry work, he was in a lot of different bands. Over time he was able to put bits and pieces together over the years into his studio. It's not a tremendous studio, but it is definitely a good working space and he's got enough equipment that we can come up with something special in there. Or, at least the skeleton of something special."

SLUG: "Going back to the opera



training. You thank Dr. Gwen Korovin in the liner notes for your voice. Is she your voice trainer?" **Lucia:** "No. Tina Schafer is another person I thanked in my liner notes. She is my opera teacher. Dr. Gwen Korovin is my doctor, my voice doctor, who...every time I finish a tour, anytime I have problems, she makes sure that I'm not damaging my voice. Because of the way that I sing anything can happen at any time. The training that I have from Tina is amazing. It enables me to do this without hurting myself. I work with both of them on a regular basis." **SLUG:** "Tina trained you to sing like you do?" **Lucia:** "She didn't really train me to do the things that I

do, she gave me a hard-core foundation—training in opera. I'm not capable of singing "La Boheme" or "Madam Butterfly" and blowing anybody away. I can do it, just based on the techniques I've learned from her. The training I got from her I started playing with and I started discovering all these different quirky things I could do with my voice. She's not happy with what I did with it, because it scares the shit out of her every time I do it. She goes to my shows and cringes. She's really happy for

me, that I found a style that I'm happy with, but worried nonetheless because it's a hazardous thing to do with your voice if you don't know what you're doing. I study with her when I'm home and I work on my tapes when I'm out on the road. I go to the doctor if I have any problems and when I'm off the road I make sure I go for a check-up. I have huge color lasers of the inside of my throat just to make sure that nothing's being damaged. I value my instrument. I want to take care of it."

"I try to remember that five minutes before I go on the stage. No matter how nervous I am, this is my space. Don't fuck with it."

SLUG:

"How about signing to A&M without a band?"

Lucia: We got signed playing with other musicians. It was a little disjointed because we were working with people that really didn't plan on staying. We were playing in a club in Boston. Our producer was in town that night working on another project and he happened to be out and he saw us. He really liked what we were doing and he invited us to come into the studio he works out of in New York. We went in there and put some ideas down and Rick Wake owns

the studio that we recorded some stuff in. He's also the president of DV8, which is through A&M Records. At that time he was in the beginning stages and he was looking for people to sign. He liked what we were doing and he gave us some development thing. We didn't get like a big contract right after we recorded. It was more like, "Let's see how this develops, why don't you come in and do some more stuff and over the course of a year we found the guys who would play on the record, Dan and I wrote the rest of the record and there were a couple of key tunes that sealed the deal for us. We kept writing and recording until we had it all done and then the whole A&M thing came into play. You're working with a small independent label, but then when the record actually comes out and you start going around the country, you feel the weight of the major label behind you. It took some time. Dan and I have been working together for more than four years writing so it wasn't like Dan put the ad in the paper, I answered it and in a year boom, boom, boom everything happened. We worked together a long time, closely, more than anything on the writing. We did tour, not extensively. We couldn't get a gig in New York City. It's a very political place and if you're not in the clique, the cool clique, which definitely exists in New York. It's a very cliquey place, especially in the club circuit. It's difficult to get a gig. We played some gigs in and around New York City and honestly it wasn't until people knew that we had a deal that we were able to play regularly in Manhattan. Then we went on the road. Our first tour was with Gang of Four. We toured with them for about a month and it was amazing. It was amazing for me because although we did play a lot, as a performer, when you see somebody who's seasoned and knows how to work a stage, and knows how to get something back from an audience, it inspires you and it pushes you. He (Jon King) inspired me so much and he watched all our shows and he spoke to me and encouraged me and he said, (adopts British accent) 'You have to own the

stage, you have to be like a wolf marking his territory, pissin' all over the stage.' I just love that quote and I try to remember that five minutes before I go on the stage. No matter how nervous I am, this is my space. Don't fuck with it."

SLUG: Is your stage persona getting better and better all the time? **Lucia:** Yeah, yeah! The more you perform the better you get. It's one of those things where I'm constantly trying to evolve. I never want to feel like I've reached that point where I feel that this is as good as it gets. I push myself. I still take voice lessons because I really feel that you have to keep working, not only to keep what you have but to push yourself further. For me it's all about evolving and reaching this point of honesty where I'm not afraid to show who I am. No matter how ridiculous it may look. I'm just trying to relate to people and break those barriers. Those oh no, no, no, we don't want to see that. Sometimes it's disturbing, when you touch somebody in the audience and you know that as wacky as what I did was, that person got it."

SLUG: The songwriting process. Do you work together on the lyrics and the music?"

Lucia: "Dan does the music and I do the lyrics and melodies. J.D., John DeServio, the bass player, co-wrote two songs on the record and his contribution was the music. I don't mean to be a hard ass about the lyrics and the melodies, but that's what I do. I don't play an instrument and if I learned how to play an instrument I wouldn't start showing them how to play bass lines. I've been writing for a very long time, I know who I am as a writer. I want to evolve and I want to stretch it more and more but I'm very protective of that aspect of the songwriting. It's who I am as an artist, just like the music is who they are. That's my ego thing too. You don't want people stepping all over your shit. I'm sure that the longer we work together as a band, I might let the reins loose a little bit, but I have to sing it, I have to deliver it. I want it to be something that I can be honest about."

—Walli

*Well, as luck would have it,
SLUG had its own Music Symposium
this month too. Things were a little dif-
ferent than the Private Eye's. For one we
were all on different hallucigenics, the
pizza was donated from Freewheeler (ad
trade) and some people showed up
that weren't invited...it
was more like a
seance.*

SLUG MUSIC SYMPOSIUM

The players included your friendly editor Gianni, world renowned music critic William Athey, Sausage King, Mr. Pink, ex SLUG hack O'Dell Wish-Hen, Dan Morley (VooDoo Dog Records & Private Eye Symposium outcast) and the ghost of Helen Wolf...

G: So, what do you guys think about the local music scene?

Athey: Where's my fuckin paycheck?
Mr Pink: The local music scene is the same as it ever was. The shitty bands get all the attention. Salt Lake is like a big fat lady sitting on her couch watching QVC waiting for the next buy...The Tina Turner Tuna Turner. If it's a fad and totally lacking substance...we're in!

S King: Paycheck?

Dan: You guys aren't going to misquote me are you?

Odell: Who gives a shit. You're all sheep. Go see the Gamma Rays or wait isn't there a Villains reunion at Cottonwood Mall?

Athey: Where the fuck is Helen Wolf?

S King: She's at my house trying to get the taste outta her mouth. We were up late last...

Odell: Hey Gianni, where'd you get this picture of JR with mascara and eye shadow???

G: The word on the street is we don't care about local music, we're sell outs, our mag sucks, blah, blah, blah...

S King: Your mag sucks!...

Mr Pink: Sell outs get paid!

G: I think we do as much as anyone considering we're not a radio station...

Mr. Pink: Well, let's not start sucking each other's dicks quite yet...

Odell: Slug is like your favorite old slut girlfriend, ya get a little drunk, ya get a little horny and usually you regret it, but you always come back.
S King: Sounds like the date I had with your

Odell: You're a convict!

Mr Pink: Alleged pal, alleged.

S King: There aren't any true leaders in this city, everyone just wants to point fingers.

G: And what do you do?

S King: I liberate young girls from the shackles of celibacy

Mr Pink: All you talk about is fucking!

S King: And...?

Athey: Fuck all that. You idiots wouldn't know good music if it bit you on the ass & called you Sally. The best music is unheard of, and all the shit out now is copy after copy of shitty clone bands.

Dan: You guys, I told my imaginary girl friend I'd be home by 9:30 so...

Athey: Hey where the fuck is Billy Fish?

Mr Pink: Ya, where is that fishy fuck?

G: Cool it, at least Billy does his job...

Athey: What about Buck Owens /Rockabilly Legend?

S King: Maybe he meant Buck Henry...

Odell: Well I think we've all learned a valuable lesson here tonight!

Mr Pink: That Gianni's a cheap bastard?

Odell: That local music scenes everywhere are only as strong as the people involved make them!

G: And maybe that's the problem...

Mr Pink: So castles made of sand...

S King: Blow me

G: Jimi Hendrix was God; you Jimmy Dean wanna be mother fucker...

(G jumps over table and begins to strangle Sausage King)

Mr Pink: I'm outta here!

Athey: Fuck you guys I'm calling Private Eye for a job...

Ghost of HW: You ALL better run you little rodents! I will ruin every one of you and your filthy magazine.

Now bow down and pay homage to the Black Queen!

You Fools!

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Good Riddance Il Duce!

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One of my good friends moved back to Salt Lake from San Francisco a while ago. When he came back he brought with him a shit load of music from the thriving music scene in SFO. One of the bands he turned me on to were The Mermen, 3 guys that play original, instrumental, surf music.

Jim Thomas is the guitarist and master-mind behind The Mermen. When you listen to The Mermen, you hear Thomas' creations. The ebbing and flowing rhythm is created by Thomas, along with a freshly cropped Allen Whitman on Bass and Martyn Jones on drums, percussion and cardio-workout. Out of a pure love of writing and performing music the Mermen have, practically single-handedly, shifted the human conscience of modern surf music and literally created their own niche and following. And get this, because this is important... WITHOUT ANY MAJOR-NATION WIDE RADIO AIR PLAY OR BACKING!!! You and I both can count on one hand how many bands have done that. Yea, they are as impressive as hell and a lot of fun to listen to.

I happened to miss them when they played in our great city, back in April at the Zephyr Club. I was way bummed until I heard what a fiasco it turned out to be. Two weeks later I found myself down in Southern California on business. Going through a local concert guide, what does my little eye spy? You got it, not 15 minutes from my hotel in Dana Point, but The Mermen playing at a club called the Coach House. So I cruised over and checked out their 90 minute-plus show, after their totally ripping performance I met Allen and told him I missed them in Utah and I flew down there just to check them out. He saw right

through my lies and granted me a telephone interview the following week. (Note: This interview took place during the second week of May after The Mermen just wrapped up a tour.)

Slug: How did the tour go?

Allen Whitman: It was a good tour. It was our second time through a bunch of different markets. People have begun to know us, which is nice. And that's good, it's nice to be welcomed and to have friends in all these different cities.

Slug: Back in 1986 through 1989, when your first release came out, what was the concept behind that? Because there was no scene as far as original surf music goes nor was there a big demand for surf music.

AW: We never had a concept, honestly. Jim was sort of naturally gravitating to this particular style of music that just came out of his head, without a thought of style or anything. He never really thought in terms of 'I am going to make surf music now,' he just sort of played what came naturally. What he would do is put it in this little four-track music recorder. We used to work together at this music store and I just said 'Hey let me listen to what the hell you're doing' because he had been working pretty hard at it, during store hours too, which made me really proud of

him. You gotta get what you can! And so I listened to it and I said, 'I like this, let me lay some bass tracks down over it.' And he said, 'O.K., whatever, whatever you want to do.' So I did this and this became the basis for the CD, "Krill Slippin'" which was recorded in '89, after Jim



The MERMEN

found Martin. So it never really tried to be anything specific, it was just the music that came out of our heads.

Slug: So there was never a conscious decision to play surf music?

AW: No.

Slug: It was like, let's just play what comes naturally to us.

AW: Yep, exactly.

Slug: Very cool. How long have you been playing bass?

AW: For 25 years. I've played in every type of band with every type of music, you name it, I've played it or some form of it.

Slug: Out of that varied, eclectic experience, musically, with an instrument, what type of music do you enjoy playing the most?

AW: It's got to be the Mermen's music, definitely, definitely. The Mermen's music is very rewarding to play, in and of itself, even with no audience I enjoy playing the music. The three of us communicate the best when we are playing music.

Slug: Yea, it seems like that, now that you mention it,

because when I saw you play there really is no audience interaction and you guys seem to perform in a sort-of triangle, all facing each other.

AW: Yea, I don't face the audience because Jim goes a lot of places. Our stuff is becoming more improvisational. I tend to face Jim a lot to keep myself aware with what's going on because he'll just invent shit on the spot. Man, every night is different and we never have a set list.

Slug: Really?

AW: Oh yea, never. We've never had one. The Mermen have only played in SLC once. But, I do think they plan on coming back sometime in the next year. Their CD's are available throughout the state, if you can't find them at your favorite CD store, call my friend Nick at Graywhale in Layton. He's the man with the connections. Check out the Mermen's home page and updated Mermen info at <http://www.mermen.com/> on the net. Allen will be happy to hear from you.

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The scene was the basement of the New Hope Center after Orange 9mm had finished their set. The band spokesman, at least on this occasion, was Chaka Malik. He was pretty much physically exhausted from performing, but his mind remained sharp.

SLUG: Vibe Magazine printed an interview with Orange 9mm and your guitarist, Chris Traynor, was strumming your 60-year-old blues guitar during the interview. Is it a National Steel? CM: No, it's a dobro. It's a Dupleero or something like that Brothers. The two of them started National and then they left to start the dobro company. It's like these three brothers who created the resonator, the resonating guitar. National's are generally steel-bodied, dobros are generally wood bodied.

SLUG: "Is that the guitar you are playing on 'Kiss It Good-bye'?" CM: Um hum.

SLUG: "It sounds really cool." Malik: Thanks. That's actually one of my personal guitars. **SLUG:** "Are you playing it?" (Sorry, but at the time of this interview I was working from an advance cassette.) Malik: "No, I play the bass on that. Gosh I'm sorry, no I didn't, I'm thinking of something else. Go ahead."

SLUG: The Rolling Stone ran a story about death in the mosh pit. You spent a lot of time in mosh pits when you were growing up. Today there are barriers in front of the stage. In the old days there weren't. It seems to me the barriers and security guards make things more dangerous than they used to be. CM: Well, yes and no. I've been going to punk shows since I was 16-years-old and now I'm 25, so that's nine years. There were no barriers when I first started going to shows and that was because it was a much smaller situation. It wasn't like every band you'd go to there would be stage diving. If you went to see a band in 1986, a band you'd go see in a 1,500 seat place, generally no one would be stage diving. Unless it was the

Cro-Mags. The reason we didn't need barriers then was it was an underground scene and everybody kind of knew what to do. You understand what I'm saying? It was kind of like, it was smaller, it was much tighter, there were less people going to shows, everybody knew the routine. Now it's like different kinds of kids start coming to shows and start getting into dancing in the pit and stage diving, a lot times they don't understand. When you dive, okay, make sure there's somebody there to catch you, and make sure there are people paying attention and you gotta know to not dive if you're going to hit your head on the ground. You gotta know that when you're dancing it's not about punching somebody in the face. There's such a community that's not there. That's why there needs to be barriers. Because otherwise kids will fucking kill themselves at a lot of these shows. I've been there. A lot of times when we're playing and there's a barrier I end up catching some kid who comes flying over that's not paying attention. A lot of times people just ride the crowd and they expect to be caught by someone. They expect the security guard to catch them. And kids I'm warning you, just don't expect fucking people to catch you. You gotta like pay attention, control your body when you're riding the crowd and know exactly where you're going." That completes our safety lesson for this month. The instructor was one who knows. He's been on both sides. Unless his words are heeded there will not be any mosh pits, stage diving or "festival seating" type of shows. Your elected officials will pass laws banning such activities. The lobbying is already beginning.

SLUG: "Fire In The Hole" is on the Escape From LA soundtrack." CM: "It's also on our new record called Tragic that just came out on July 30. It's the first song on our record." **SLUG:** "How did the song get on the soundtrack. CM: "I

think it was an Atlantic thing. Our label is Atlantic records and Atlantic records put out the Escape From LA soundtrack. They wanted to showcase some of the bands that they liked and that they wanted to get out there and we thank them for that."

SLUG: "Is it a single?" CM: "Yes and no. It was a song that we gave to certain radio stations to play. The real single is going to be called 'Failure' and it will come out in September. 'Failure' is about people that beat yourself and sit around and wonder why you've got no life. And it's because you really didn't give yourself the chance to fuckin', to do something. It's about getting out there and doing your share and grabbing what you want by the neck and fuckin' taking it. Not in a fucked-up disrespectful way, but in a way that makes sense. You know what I'm saying. It's not all about being ultra-positive, 'cause I'm not ultra-positive. I think that life is some of positives and negatives. Everything is not positive. If everything were positive it would be complete bullshit. 'Failure' is one of those songs you can use to either wallow in your pity or to get yourself out of it. I think it's a great song and hopefully kids will dig on it."

SLUG: "How about a video." CM: "Yeah we're going to make a video for 'Failure.' We're going to make it in California on the 10th or 11th of August. **SLUG:** "Any hints on what's in the video?" CM: "It's just gonna be us playing in like this weird area."

It is now September. The single should be coming out. The video is completed. Now we wait for those who govern our tastes and our buying habits to decide the fate of Orange 9mm. The public is incapable of making any decision not influenced by what the television screen tells them good, worthy and desirable.



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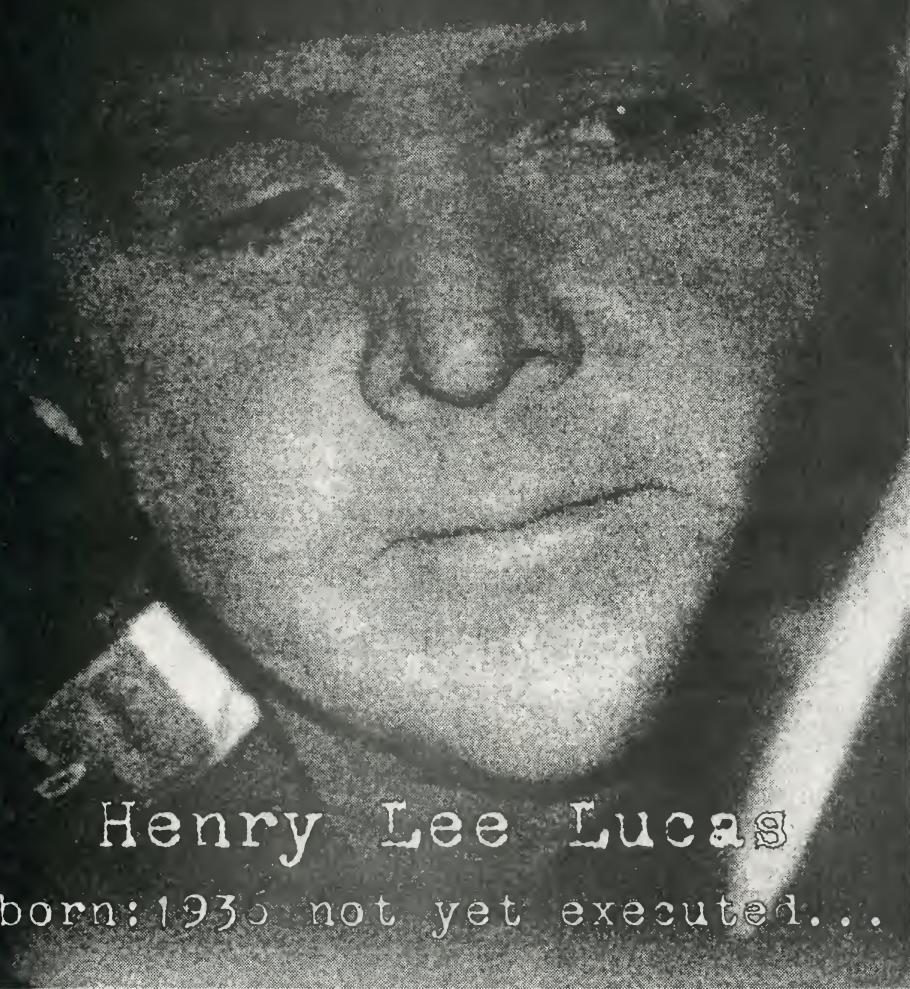
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SERIAL KILLER of the MONTH



Henry Lee Lucas

born: 1935 not yet executed...

Henry Lee Lucas is often mistaken for one of the most prolific serial killers in American history. Henry Lee Lucas is one of the most prolific serial killer in American history. Sure, if you have seen "Henry, Portrait of a Serial Killer" you know that he managed to have the best Serial killer movie made about him. (Screw "Silence of the Lambs" - Hollywood wouldn't know a serial killer even if the killer in question ritually cut its eyes and genitals out before fucking the open wounds.)

One of the people that Henry Lucas killed for sure was his mother. But even her death is clouded in mystery. Henry says they had an argument and he lightly cut her throat and punched her - that she died from a heart attack. The coroner's report showed that she died from a puncture wound. He served ten years and was released in 1970.

The one eyed convict soon was

back in prison for four more years after being convicted of attempted kidnapping. "I have a sex problem," he said at the trial for this second felony.

After a brief marriage, during which he molested his step-daughters, Henry finally got a chance to start his career for real.

He drifted down to Florida, and met a tall bisexual-sexual named Otis Toole. The two of them were soon sharing body fluids, robberies, and, for fun, murders. To hear Lucas tell the tale, the two of them killed from Texas to Nevada. Among the early victims was a woman whose name has never been discovered, but was called orange sox - I don't think I need explain.

According to testimony at their 1979 trial, there was just about nothing, by way of killing that the duo hadn't tried - except poison. Toole even claims that they

barbecued one person. Lucas denied this, saying that he didn't like barbecue sauce.

After a short stint in jail for stealing a pickup in 1981, Lucas returned to Florida with Toole to get Toole's niece Becky. Toole remained in Florida, where he received a life sentence for burning down a boarding house and as a result killing two people. Lucas his new 15-year-old lover were headed through Texas then their car finally died. Henry worked as a laborer for a California couple for a short while. He then worked for the couple's grandmother, 80-year-old Granny Rich. But she soon sent them on their way, believing them to be thieves and worse. They then stayed on a fundamentalist sanctuary called House of Prayer - a converted chicken ranch. Shortly after this Becky disappeared, hitch-hiking home Henry claimed. And less than a month later Granny Rich disappeared.

Granny Rich's disappearance aroused police suspicion, and soon Henry was in jail on a weapons violation. He soon tried to confess to his crimes, and once he started confessing, the son-of-a-bitch wouldn't shut up. He confessed not only to the murders of those near him, Becky and Granny, but to helping with the Jim Jones Guyana Slayings and the Jimmy Hoffa hit. He also admitted to killing Orange sox, and hundreds of others.

He was shipped all over America, where he explained how he killed whomever's murder it was the local police had not been able to solve. As a result, police closed 210 unsolved murder cases. And Henry confessed to at least a hundred more than that. But even of the crimes that Henry was convicted of - Orange Sox for instance, there is clear proof from employment records and bills that Henry couldn't have been in the same state where the crime took place at the same time as the crime took place.

It is likely that Lucas killed maybe only 10 or 20 people. And several years after his trial, conviction, and death penalty sentence, Lucas recanted the whole of his confession, saying that he had been told if he stopped confessing, then he would be quickly executed. So, go figure.

Henry Lee Lucas has a great movie made about him, but as for the man himself as prolific serial killer, its strictly Caviat Emptor...or buyer beware.



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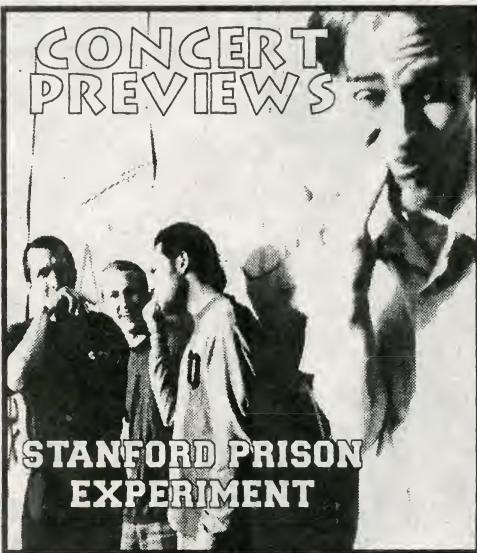
Zakk Wylde will be appearing at the Bar and Grill on September 9. He's touring to support his album *BOOK OF SHADOWS*. Luckily, he won't be bringing Ozzy along (thank God!). Actually, I don't even know if he's with Ozzy anymore. I would imagine not. When you get a hold of this release, don't expect to hear the same "Zakk Wylde" guitar work that you might be used to. It seems he's left all of that far behind. Mr. Wylde has used this project to take a step back, and work on material he couldn't with previous arrangements. Zakk lets the blues side of himself shine through on this disc. Most of the metal may be left out, but all of the musicianship is definitely there. This disc may be a bit of a change for the average metal-head, but I'm sure you will be able to appreciate it. Think of Zakk Wylde as the "Arch Deluxe" of metal guitarists.

The Black Crowes Three Snakes And One Charm

The package came with a box of snakes (You know, the kind you had on the Fourth of July when you were a kid.), but the charm was missing. I decided to make my own charm. I took the CD and the snakes outside. My landlord is mean and doesn't appreciate black marks on the sidewalk so I put the CD down, shiny side up, carefully placed three snakes on top of it and lit them with my trusty Zippo. As the smoke and gray ash curled into the air I chanted like a Benedictine Monk over the homemade alter until I was sure that things had cooled down. I picked up the CD, dusted the remains of the snakes off of it and went inside to listen. God damn it. This CD is defective. It won't play at all. The light bulb went on over my shaven, tattooed, pierced, goateed head. It was onto the trusty UTA, with their newly increased price for decreased service, and off to the Crossroads Mall. Up to the Nordstroms customer service desk I walked, (very, very slowly by the way because my legs were hampered by my big-pants with the crotch area residing around my knees). "Look," I said, "this CD won't play in my system. It's defective. I want a refund." Well, don't believe the stories about returning tires to Nordstroms for a refund. They wouldn't give me any money for a promotional CD I'd destroyed in a futile attempt to make a charm. Now what the fuck am I supposed to do? I burned the snakes and the charm is useless without them. Once again the bulb lit up over my bowl-cut hair, my pimply face and my corduroy clad lower extremities. Wait! I know! I'll go see the Black Crows live and in person when they play at that stinky place on September 22. I'll bring some skunk (weed and beer, Mickey's Big Mouth is the brand of choice) and sit in the parking lot getting fucked-up all through the opening acts. The cops will arrest me and I'll go to jail because I am a typical Salt Lake City idiot.

Rage Against The Machine

Whatever. I hate Rage Against The Machine is the "hip" way to go. So what. Do you also hate Girls Against Boys and Stanford Prison Experiment? If so then you are basically stupid and they are coming with Rage Against The Machine. I'm kind of curious to see how those groups, both of whom are newly signed to major label deals, come across on a big stage.



This show has probably sold out before SLUG goes to press. I believe the venue holds 8,000. I say it is about time that someone gave the monopoly a serious challenge. Hate Rage or love them this show demonstrates that the little guy can indeed compete against a corporation. Build those friendships when the band is a mere blip on the Soundscan screen. Some people do remember who helped them climb the ladder.

There are some questions about why the show is in Utah County. To be specific it is at the Utah County Fairgrounds in Spanish Fork. The Fairgrounds are off-limits because the State Fair is going on. The Delta Center sucks, the Wolf Mountain stage is owned by you know who and so is Saltair. It sucks too. Salt Lake City lacks a decent, mid-sized concert hall. That is what happens when monopolies are in charge. Place the blame where it lies and hope the West Valley hocky rink has decent sound and isn't taken over by the rich. Any band promoting themselves with a poster of revolutionary South American soldiers wins my praise. Rage Against the Machine does not suck. September 11th. The show starts at about 6:00 so arrive early.

Nothingface

Nothingface is a DC area band with a sound guaranteed to frighten dogs and small children. The bio says, "By the start of '96 Nothingface had become the most recognized band in the DC/Baltimore area." How about "The Show" "A new generation of DC music revitalizing the scene once dominated by hardcore legends Fugazi, Scream and Black Flag." Black Flag? The album is called *Pacifier* and it will be released on September 13th. September 13th? Well it is indeed a Friday and this band

would like their music in the hands of all who celebrate Friday the 13th. The four-song advance has "Lipsick," "Undercut," "Pacifier" and "One Thing." The single is the title song and it should thrill all and sundry around this town. Sore throat rapping backed by the customary hard, rhythmic noise. The publicity photo shows four young men without a smile among them. Guess what? "Things" aren't pleasant. "One Thing" more. "You're all gonna die, aaaaaaa!" Nothingface will pay a visit to Spanky's on September 25 and the very next night they will be at the Bar & Grill. Nine Spine Stickleback will open. There's the information. Now go make a big mess of yourself and all of your friends.

Garage Party Tres

This should be very interesting. On September 27 the third Garage Party is scheduled for the Bar & Grill. Two of the more thrilling bands to appear in Salt Lake City this year are headlining. The Nomads have been recording garage music in the cold and barren nation of Sweden for more than 14 years. They have a double disc available from the one of the most important labels in the country and a newly released disc of some "true" garage recordings dating from the early '80s. For some strange reason this band of the '80s hasn't appeared on any of the moronic stream of '80s new wave compilations released to delight consumers with more money than brains. The Nomads won't have their music played during any of the ridiculous nostalgia for the '80s radio programs and you can't dance to their music in one of the discos running dance nights for those who haven't caught on to the fact that the decade changed six years ago.

As if that weren't enough the Mono Men are also booked. In the underground of rock music, as is reported in this issue of SLUG, "the best music is unheard of." The Mono Men are not quite unheard of. They are some what known in the pages of AP Magazine due to the work of local writer Johnny Pecorelli, one of the few individuals writing for a glossy magazine who understands and loves garage music. They are led by one Dave Crieder, a man with an ear for good music and the owner of a record label dedicated to releasing it. This show promises to be more fun than knocking over full, plastic Salt Lake City trash barrels with an old Dodge 4 X 4. The chord changes will be limited to three or four, solos of the proficient variety aren't allowed and not one single member of either band will believe that they are more important than the audience. The opening bands are local. Chopper is an icon in the annals of bad singing. He will lead his band of Decomposers and Surly will also play. It looks like a good night to utilize a Salt Lake City cab. Get drunk, fall down, puke, get up, get drunk again, puke and please have a good time. If you feel the need to fight I guess you will end up on Eighth South awaiting a real beating by about 20 punk gangstas. The place is the Bar & Grill.

Two or Three Weeks In The Life

And the punk rock girl at the grocery store calls me a maniac and asks, "Why are you crazy?" How can I know? Why are you sane? It all depends on how well the combo package of Prozac/Xanax is working. Sometimes I quit taking it and this is the result. August was the best month for live music in the entire year - if the mind is open. What are things like for a hack without boundaries? Due to an overloaded work schedule I missed Slayer. So I'm a pussy, but "listen" on dude.

On August 4th John Hammond and the Duke Robillard Band played at Red Butte. Duke Robillard is not one of my favorite people. Don't attempt to take a camcorder near the gentleman. Egotistical or not he can play the blues and play the blues he did. At present he has three of those big fat hollow-bodies, each a different color, and he adds a Strat at times. Swing is not something the Stone Temple Pilots do. Swing is what Duke Robillard plays. John Hammond is a master of the country. His wife gave him a National Steel guitar a few years ago and he played it for the astonishment of all in attendance. Most had bred late and they brought young children along with bald and graying heads to view the music. Killer show and not for the readers of this rag.

I missed a bunch of stuff after that because of depression and paranoia, but on August 9th Dash Rip Rock was in town. Their creativity lies in their ability to interpret past hits. They have original material, but that is not acceptable in Salt Lake. They've tried the originals in the past - it didn't work. Locally the live show is mostly covers. If the

Disco Drippers, Bootie Quake or the Gamma Rays are your idea of a cover band it is best to pass Dash Rip Rock by. For a real treat go see SLUG cover band Elvis Christ...as if. The rewritten Danny and the Juniors song mixed with "Ice, Ice Baby" will be long remembered among those present.

A new night and two bars. Some band from Boulder was pretty hippie, I missed the next for reasons of Monster proportions and caught part of the Jackmormons jamming set. I do believe the Jackmormons are becoming my favorite hippie band. If the trend continues I might actually start liking hippie music again...as if. Down at the Zephyr was Monster Mike Welch. Between trying to kill a dope dealer, drinking "monster" mugs of beer and "talking" I viewed the new king of the blues guitar. He's seventeen and those who weren't there should remember the name of Monster Mike Welch. It will haunt you in the future.

Next day. August 11th. Due to alcohol poisoning the day dawned late. The drive to Park City was uneventful. The names weren't on "the list" (go figure), but me and my two wives gained entrance anyway. Blue Highway is now the top bluegrass band on the planet. You don't think so? Watch for the winners of the latest and greatest awards ceremony—the Bluegrass Awards—Blue Highway will win five or six. The Burns Sisters had harmony and Martin Simpson disposed of his wife to help them out. Allison Kraus played bluegrass music for the KKAT crowd.

Her new found star status has not reached her head yet. Line dance to that cowpoke. The audience had finally imbibed enough over-priced beer to actually dance. Only one lone female actually knew what it was all about. Sorry they didn't bring the cloggers for ya honey. And I was off.

The Misfits were down at Bricks. Same day, different

scene. I arrived just in time to catch Anthrax's closing moments. Sorry, I was at the Folk & Bluegrass Festival. Well, you leather-clad, pierced, tattooed, Misfits/Cannibal Corpse T-shirt wearing idiots; they pretty much tore Bricks up. At least they tried. Due to the "thugs" on the security staff a riot of immense proportions was avoided and I'm only sorry they didn't throw more off the loading dock. The Misfits were indeed a cover band. They covered nearly every Misfits song there is. Jerry Only and Doyle were present, but who was the singer? The best part of their show was viewing a fat Doyle crowd surfing. No wonder there are comic books. Another killer show.

New night, different club. Neurosis wins the contest. I don't have any idea what the bands preceding them were doing. I guess they were trying to see the testosterone jocks bleed. When Neurosis hit the stage the bleeding stopped because the billy club hit the head. It is about time a band appeared with the power to silence a pretend audience. How come none of you could talk after the show? Cat got your tongue? Neurosis stole all of your brain cells? How about 15 minutes of feedback? How about the man who went insane thinking of world suicide? How about the blonde wearing only a bra and panties in a violent pit? Don't cover your ears.

How many saw 8 1/2 Souvenir at the Dead Goat? What? None of you caught that one? Those who survived the Neurosis show were all at Spanky's? 8 1/2 Souvenir played jazz. Smart people saw them live. KUER tracked through HAPPY FEET the day of the show and "everyone" knows that Salt Lake City's only far reaching "college radio" station is restricted for the listening pleasure of smart people with major dollars in their bank accounts. The female

vocalist was stunning. The male was a somewhat coy boy playing an antique guitar and singing in a shy voice. There was a honky tonk pianist who doubled on accordion and Kazoo at times, a stand-up man originally from Denver, now residing in Austin and a trap man playing the typical small kit for the enjoyment of all in attendance. They did indeed play European jazz from way back when. I don't believe I've seen so many tattoos on a jazz band since reefer was legal. Way too good for Salt Lake City to understand, but if you are ever in Austin stop by the Continental Club and hope they aren't on tour. Down at Spanky's Murphy's Law gave up some ska/punk and man was that place hot and sweaty. It stunk of human so I missed the late arriving H20. The Dead Goat is downstairs, the music was as "cool" as the bar.

What's next? Greg Brown over at the Wooden Dog? He speaks in a fast monotone and if all the words enter the brain his bad attitude and sarcasm are revealed. One man, a guitar, a hat, and some "shades" pleased the over-legal-age crowd while down at the Bar & Grill there was another stinky sweatfest. Live punk rock is sure enough fun, but doesn't it all sound the same anymore? Sorry, I'm old and I thought Strung Out was quite entertaining.

I saw more than this, but I was too drunk to remember. I missed more than I saw, but I do have a day job. The doctor said that if I didn't start taking the Prozac/Xanax again he'd put me in the psychotic ward. That would probably make the "punk rock checker at the supermarket" and many others happy. I did and now I'm just like every other "music critic" in town. See ya'll at Kiss and don't miss Royal Crown Revue after the show at the Zephyr.

—Willie "Rogain Man" Wheels



7 INCH SAUSAGE

The record. A beautiful thing that appears to be going the way of the eight track. This is where it all started boys and girls seven inches with 2-4 songs. Bands toured on the strength of a seven inch. A few indy labels were made and broken by a seven inch. I thought this might be the most effective of all levels to work at. You know stop bands at the jumping off point or praise them and try to get them to play SLC. I've include addresses and prices when I've gotten them, So if you feel like something new you can taste these treats by writing for them. Or you can order a catalogue to get in the mail, like we did back in the day before the little alterna-botique. The seven inch embraces the DIY spirit nine out of ten covers are found art. The vinyl is heavy and the music speaks on its own. I will be good to these first records cause they're popping my cherry but next month prepare to feel the full weight of.....SEVEN INCHES OF SAUSAGE

**OLD BULL'S NEEDLE
DRAG QUEEN RECORDS**
**\$3 ppd. Tim Franklin 1236
Corona #3 Denver, Co. 80218**

This record has got a lot of energy. It's fast, three out of four song's fit on side one. The second guitar is a little redundant for the recording value. As a whole I would have to say it's not bad, kill the lead guitar and maybe try for some tone on the vocals. If you want to try hardcore for the nineties get this.

the VALENTINE SIX

P.O. BOX 650262

Austin, TX 78765

Very jazz. Lounge time baby. Pretty good I like the Reminds me too much of people trying to be cool cause their into jazz. You know the ones, they've got the Davis and Coltrane

posters hanging in their bedroom. Don't get me wrong this isn't bad at all. If you like jazz and want something kind of like a T.V. show soundtrack this is it. Think action sequences from those sixties and seventies cop shows. This record goes right next to my Vampryos Lesbos record. Something to make me feel like a wild and crazy guy.

**CAIN / ABSOLUTE ZERO
FULL BONEY**

ALLIED RECORDS

**P.O. Box 460683, San Francisco,
Ca. 94146-0683**



Cain is a three piece outfit, that likes that punk rock. Hey nothing wrong with that. This band is strong, melodic and well thought out.. The record only has two songs but they're good catchy shit. Once they get a tad more definition they'll be somebody to look for. For now when they come to town see them, and buy the record so they don't give up. Hardcore **Absolute Zero** is from Oregon. Back in the day we'd call this crossover. But now you'd call it alternative. It's got a few strong catches. This band could be something to keep you're eye out on. If you like heavy Fugazi political message and all. I'm not a fan of politico rock, but the music is tight like a four year old so check it out.

Full Boney is the worst of the Allied bunch. That doesn't mean they're bad they just don't bring it home for me. Sloppy playing is still bad no matter how vintage it sounds. I expect more from somebody from SPITBOY, but that's where expectation leads. Order the Allied catalogue there is good stuff on it (Phleg Camp, Neurosis, and Buzzov*en) don't exclude this but don't make it a priority. Oh yeah, All the band members are girls so if that's what motivates you buy it.

NADA SURF / MULER

DEEP ELM RECORDS

P.O. Box 1965, NYNY 10156

I'M POPULAR, gee

whiz I hope this is the band I see on MTV They're surprisingly good on this little record. A little more punchy and less serious on this. The sound is excellent and the songs well crafted. If this were the only thing I had heard from them I'd be waiting for the next record. A side note the best seven inch ever released, for the press people, is **SHELLAC** Uranus followed closely by the JESUS LIZARD's wheelchair epidemic. MULER sounds suspiciously like some friends of mine the Seymouris. Great guys fun music. Should this band and SUPERCHUNK play together be assured you're in for a good time. The music has got a lot of energy and zip. It's the perfect up from a shitty down. Well worth the money you'll pay for the yellow vinyl.

MILDRED PIERCE

JULES VERDONE

FERALETTE RECORDS



306 West 4th Street, NYNY 10014

Mildred Pierce is an three girl one boy band. The music has got the zest and flavor of the east coast. The shortcoming seems to be the vocals. There is a beauty and purity to emotion that does not come through. For a record it's got all the things you look for with exception of sincerity. That's what we're looking for though somebody with a little truth to what they're saying or at least a little conviction. Jules Verdone is moody contemporary drone. There is a place and time for good drone music. This has got a lot of the elements you need. Lifting vocals, guitar with just the right amount of aimlessness, and a rhythm to hold it all again. The problem is that we seem to flail a

little bit too much. Feralette may just let their musicians get away with poor production or maybe they can not afford the studio time. The bands need to take a little bit more time producing the records and less time coming up with nifty color sleeves.

THE PAPER TULIPS

DODGE DART

dirtcldfight TRUK RECORDS

1930 Placentia Ave #b2, Costa Mesa, CA 92627



The paper tulips attempt at music has failed. If I were drunk stoned tripping on acid and OD'ing on heroine I'm pretty sure I could make a better sounding record than this. What this band lacks in talent they make up for in that wannabe spirit. Look it's local rock put out on a local label don't expect miracles expect the average. In SLC that's better than local though.

Dodge Dart has the best name and song titles of the bunch. It's typical music that stands out in a fun way. Good coastal rock with good times music. They kick Paper tulips ass. The production sucks. The second side reminds me of slack motherfucker in content. Try it out you crazy young rebels you. DIRTCLDFIGHT, I hope the name is right. Nice glossy cover let's see if the music matches. Good band they've got that punch. Dear Lord it's really good thank you Jesus a band worth reviewing. This record appears to be really old like 1994 old. So if it's late in coming I'm really sorry but you guys deserve praise. This is a record worth owning I hope it's supposed to be played on 33 rpm if not you might suck. Oh Beavis I got Wood. Good production, good music, and good good good. Try Mulch and Buzzov*en on if you like this. Maybe the next Unsane... —SausageKing



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**Wesley Willis
Fabian Road Warrior
American**

Well, I guess it is now no longer a question of talent at all, but a question of fad. This is the 90's age of fads are us, (see disco clubs) and anything that people will buy is good music. Bullshit. This is garbage. Not music. The people at American Records should be ashamed to be in the music business. Dino Paredes (American hotshot who signed Willis) is an idiot who would sell his family for a buck. Maybe Willis is crazy, maybe deranged, but definitely NOT A MUSICIAN! This is the same song 24 times in a row and I'm not kidding. I'm sorry did I say 'song'??? No, I meant 'sample'. A loop of a kids jingle with Willis rambling about something or someone stupid. This is record company hype at its lowest form. If you buy this record, then you are the loser getting screwed by a huge company who makes millions of dollars off of idiots like yourself. Unfuckingbelievable.

—Mr. Pink

**Thing & Nothing
Tasm Lab**

This is some sort of rock opera. It wouldn't occur to 99/100's of you to consider buying it for even a second. Therefore I need to speak only to 1% of the readership when I say that eating your college roommate's shit would leave a better taste in your mouth.

—Capt. America

**Social Distortion
White Light, White Heat,
White Trash
Sony / 550 Music**

There is a reason Social Distortion is one of the coolest bands around. They sound just like they did back in 1982. They

haven't turned grunge or neo/punk or pop/fag. They just rock. Straight ahead full throttle no bullshit guitar heavy rock tunes.
"I've got society's blood running down my face, somebody help me get outta this place..."
The way it oughta be.

—Maxx

**Psychotica
American**

Looking at the cover of this album, I noticed the usual Parental Advisory sticker(meaning the word fuck was probably going to pop up!), & the neat fact that they had played at Lollapalooza 96(second stage, obviously!). What it really needed on the jewel box(at least for me), was a big unhappy face sticker, warning me to stay the hell away! Damn, if this CD didn't rub me in the most wrong of ways! Try & imagine FISHBONE & DAVID BOWIE getting together & attempting to play really bad covers of RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE? On second thought, don't try that, since I don't want to be held responsible for the ugly visions that might be created in your head. But seriously, this is one terrible creation in anyone's book(I dearly hope!). I felt like a virgin nun being subjected to my first GWAR show, up front & center to catch all the blood & meat with no escape anywhere. I especially was disturbed to hear their bastardized version of DEVO's Freedom of Choice, making me quite ill to hear it slaughtered with absolutely no shame. I wish I could find out where this band would be playing next, & then show up with a canoe paddle to slap them across their fat heads until they apologized for putting out this much crap for me to try & endure! But until I get that chance, all I can do is send out the smoke signals to warn the other tribes of this evil I have heard & let them know they must avoid it at all costs!

—Billy Fish

**Oblivians
Popular Favorites
Crypt**

Yee-haw! What are the Oblivians doing in SLUG? I guess it's because SLUG is the

address Crypt had and their last disc was reviewed in SLUG. What we have here brothers and sisters is a nasty and dirty piece of aluminum. The Oblivians are in love with old blues. We went over all that when SOUL FOOD came out in '95. Here is a review of the lesson few paid attention too. They incorporate the blues into their music in a manner similar to Jon Spencer Blues Explosion and the late, great one Jefferey Lee Pierce. There is however, one slight problem. The Oblivians are somewhat more crazed than either of the previously mentioned names. Why do you think they aren't opening for the Beastie Boys? These lads reside in a space very few are allowed to occupy. The Flat Duo Jets are there, Jack O'Fire is too, so is Hasil Adkins, Teengenerate used to live in the area, but they moved. The Mono Men, The Trashwomen, the Nomads and others of similar persuasion join the likes of Junior Kimbrough and R.L. Burnside. Last time they covered Lightning Hopkins and Trio. This time it is Brownie McGhee from 1956.

Very few discs of this quality are released in the United States. The quality contained in the pits is not for ears accustomed to highly produced "product" released in shameless attempts to fortify the bottom line. Grab a bucket of chicken, a self-contained Goldstar or similarly priced budget compact disc system, some unleaded gasoline to huff and the cheapest bottle of whiskey the Utah State Liquor store sells. Place the disc in the player, press play, and then repeat. Turn all the knobs (slide all levers) to their maximum. Begin eating chicken, take a huff of gasoline, drink some whiskey and repeat. When the chicken, the gasoline and the whiskey are all gone the "system" will be destroyed and you will be passed out in a heap of Oblivians love. That is rock 'n' roll. To Helen; beg, borrow or steal a copy of this disc from the grid corporate offices you sell-out whore (and I'm not?).

—KRLA, King of the Wheels

Trainspotting Soundtrack

This movie & soundtrack have treated me good since

day one! Seeing the show first, I was loving life when some dip in the box office didn't show up to get the change box, & they let all us Sunday matinee freaks in free. Then in the same day I stop by SLUG headquarters & find this tasty nugget buried in the new music begging to be reviewed by yours truly! Damn, that's nice! Already familiar with most of the music from my screening, I was delighted to kick back & enjoy old classics by IGGY POP & LOU REED, alongside new British bands of the last few years like BLUR & ELASTICA. Today's music world is constantly being bombarded by the many cutting edge soundtracks for every new movie under the big red sun, but this one is a true treat, bringing sly old favorites to combine with wicked new cuts from the wonderful world of alternative/dance music. As Renton, the main figure(& anti-hero), in the film would most likely say, Choose life. Choose to see the movie. Choose to buy the soundtrack. Choose the right decision & do both!

—Billy Fish

**Trash Brats
Out Of The Closet
Circumstantial Records**

Any guess on what this CD sounds like? The band is from Detroit, they wear make-up and they wear dresses. The band thanks the likes of Get Hip, Jeff Dahl and Sloppy Seconds. One would imagine a combination New York Dolls, Stooges sound, but it ain't happening. All the guesses are wrong. The Trash Brats are yet another punk band with plenty of hooks and harmony. It would be easy to dismiss them for sounding just like a thousand other bands, they do the Oi! Oi! thing but it's Hey! Hey!, there are the catchy sing-a-long type of songs included and they do the ba-pa-ba-ba-ba's too.. Unlike lesser bands the Trash Brats creatively throw Hefty bags filled with surprises into their music. How about the honky tonk aspect presented in "Valentine's Dream"? Or what about the Jerry Lee Lewis/Moon Mulligan/Big Tiny Little piano presented during "No Jangle Thrust" and "Comfor: Me With Lies." If a band has to play punk

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rock at least they can attempt to differentiate themselves from the pack. The Trash Brats at least do that and they finally win me over completely with "Working For Our Chains." "Appetizing, that McSoylent Green/Hypnotizing, just watch that flashing screen/Paralyzing, we're glued to our seats/There's no use rising, just sit back and become what you eat. And be a proud link in the chain/and keep on workin' for the chains/we'll all be workin' in the chains."

—Corporate Whore

Supercop Soundtrack Interscope

Ah, Interscope. I used to date somebody who worked at Interscope when their major act was Gerardo, so don't get cocky boys. Then they signed Primus and what the fuck's his name... Tupac Shakur, and the rest is history. 2Pac appears on this album with 'Made Niggas.' 2Pac is, of course, an assho. Tom Jones and Ruby do 'Kung Fu Fighting'. The perfect song for Jackie Chan. He don't take himself seriously and that's why I'm gonna see Supercop as soon as it comes to video. Warren G is about as exciting as his Kenny namesake with 'What's Love Got to do With It,' Black Grape is funky with Harry the Dog. Devo remakes Head Like a Hole, a song that one would not think is ripe for remaking, it's musically about the same with Mike singing, and I think it's pretty fucking hilarious. Dimebag Darrel (!) shows up to pay tribute to the Jackie Chan metalhead fan club, which I never considered in existence but now that I think about it I'm sure it's large. Rocket from the Crypt is unremarkable. Siobhan Lynch does Stayin Alive gone techno, anoth-

er hilarious song: you could argue that there's no reason on god's earth to do it, but since someone took the time you might as well laugh. Tha Dogg Pound is fine, Goatboy's cool, No Doubt is whatever you already think of them, Pur (named after the water filter?) bores me, Polara doesn't matter, and Joel McNeely is the main title theme, which means I need to see the movie before I pass judgement. All in all pretty good for a soundtrack aimed directly at the masses and totally exploitative. Either Jackie's got some funky fans or Interscope knows what they're doing.

—Capt. America

The Queers Don't Back Down Lookout!

What is this? The Beach Boys of punk rock? Shut up! A friend of mine produced this disc, he helped write three of the songs and he guest stars on guitars and vocals. Actually J.J. Rassler is the reason I have the CD at all. Punk historians might remember that he was in DMZ and he was also an early Queer. There are those who like to make fun of certain styles of music because it doesn't fit their narrow perception of what is good. Rassler is employed by Rounder Records as a tour co-ordinator. Rounder is a true indie label, not something masquerading as independent while a multinational provides the financing. Ever wondered why I try so hard to sneak reviews of Rounder "product" into these pages?

Back to the Queers.

DON'T BACK DOWN is indeed the Queers tribute to the Beach Boys (Believe it or not I wrote the lead before reading the enclosed bio.) "Don't Back Down" is a Beach Boys tune. There are other sugary slices of pop-punk to be found on the new one. Don't even think band-wagon, the Queers have been at it for 14 years. "No Tit" opens the disc; it is a love song and a defense of flat chests everywhere. "Punk Rock Girls" is the single. Let's see if the radio will play that slice of pop. If they do and if you can find a copy it is backed by "Little Honda" another Beach Boys' song. That tune also

appears on the *Bubblegum Dreams* EP. If that ridiculous Beach Boys tribute album featuring all the "new country" idols is your idea of the Beach Boys you need *Bubblegum Dreams* desperately.

Junior Brown is the only one getting things correct ("409") on that other piece of shit. Back to the Queers. The tribute to Leslie Gore is "I Can't Get Over You" featuring lead vocals from Lisa Marr of Cub. Marr, Joe Queer and Rassler teamed up to write the song. Other tunes of note are "Brush Your Teeth" and "Born To Do Dishes." DON'T BACK DOWN restores my faith in pop punk as a musical art form. A most excellent piece of plastic dude. The Queers will be in Salt Lake City, (without Rassler, but with Marr) to play their music once again live and in person with the Smugglers and Cub. The date is September 26. It is an all ages show.

—Mike Curbdog

Goober Patrol Vacation Fat Wreck Chords

This really has been one hell of a summer for punk records, & this little spicy number is a prime example of the great tunes that are available for your listening pleasure. The noise this band puts out is too damn addictive! More along the vein of British punk with a touch of crossover ska(SPECIALS & the CLASH pop into mind), I was playing this CD for a third time before I realized I needed to get on with other reviews. The vocals of their raspy-sweet vocalist reminds me of a younger JOHNNY LYDON of early PIL recordings. But the guitar is too rude & crude to be anything but pure original poppy-crunch! Add the tightest drum heads in California & a speed-freak bass to boot, & you have one kicking punky quartet! I would give Goober Patrol three thumbs up if I had an extra hand, they're that tasty! Angry fun that laughs at themselves, as well as others, the Patrol is off & running with a rough & ready sound that is quick to please!

—Billy Fish

Go Sailor Lookout!

Lookout! is always pulling out the sweeter nuggets from the vinyl corner & slapping together a great CD collection. This CD of underground Berkeley darlings, Go Sailor, is a wonderful collection of a number of 7's & some other compilation tracks. If you love sweet girlie punk-pop in the same arena as VASELINES & the RAINCOATS, this is the boat you've been waiting for. It reminds me a lot of an American SHONEN KNIFE, with sticky-sweet pop tunes that melt on your brain like butter on a hot sidewalk. Simple & direct, these fun & fancy-free tunes are just what you need to accompany you in your VW beetle rag-top on the way to the beach or waterpark. Young & cool, Go Sailor is an amazing trio that really could take over the hipster scene if given half a chance...really! Turning any frown upside-down, let these three grab you by the hand & take a barefoot walk across the cool grass of the punky park with your new best friends.

—Billy Fish

Brawl Thalidomide Allied

Punk out of Northern Ireland is going to kick punk out of middle America's ass on principle. When your cousin was killed in an IRA brouhaha, it has a different impact on your music than your cousin getting another ticket for falling asleep drunk at the wheel and running into Mr. Miller's barn. Of course, I'm sure Brawl would not appreciate being judged solely on that merit (if at all), so it must be said that were you not to know anything about them, they're not bad. They'd remind you of Helmet. They'd be seen as 'get in, fuck it up, get out' music. They're simple (although one lyric says simplicity becomes a dirty word) and most importantly they're sincere. And that sincerity makes a world of difference in a medium that's becoming old. The same chords and the same beats and the same intentions, in all but rare cases it's a shell game of subtlety to weed out what makes a difference. Brawl makes my cut.

—Capt. America

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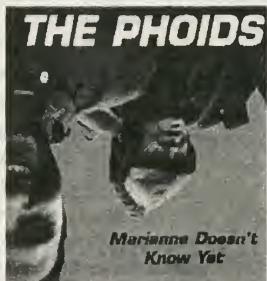
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THE PHOIDS

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Ultra-Lounge
Cocktail Capers & The Crime Scene
 Volumes 7 & 8
 Capitol

If you haven't figured it out by watching Kramer on NBC's Seinfeld, it's cool to be a hipster, & not the tired 70s MTV poser look you see on every fifteen year-old kid at the mall. The authentic, old school, retro-look is taking off like a 747, & not just in the clothing fashion sense. The whole swinging lifestyle, baby! We're talking smoking dinner jackets, dry martinis, large convertible caddies, & the shades down low in the swanky penthouse. But to pull it off right, you need the tunes to give it a sly soundtrack! Ultra-lounge has been producing a number of smooth collections that will put the Audrey Hepburn in your breakfast at Tiffany's with no problem. The playboy will love the *Cocktail Capers*, filled to the top with vintage tracks that go down easy like a Long Island ice tea at the Stardust Casino. Add the cool & moody sounds of *The Crime Scene*, & you have more party gems than any music vault can handle in one large evening for certain! So next time you're feeling like a true Dick Van Dyke or Mary Tyler Moore, touch base with these tangy little numbers & feel the past giving you one more blast for good measure!

—Billy Fish

Red House Painters
Songs For A Blue Guitar
 Supreme Recordings

Oh, how sweet it is to have the Painters back with new vinyl! Forget Mazzy Star for the dark & tender songs of love & loss, because Mark Kozelek & company are the true masters of the aforementioned arena of

thought & sound! Always a guitar-driven band, the new collection is even more centered on the emotions involved with expression through the six string, hence, the title for the latest endeavor, *Songs For A Blue Guitar*. Playing the field of both acoustic & electric, Kozelek puts on a show of angst-ridden melancholy, stripped down to the very soul at times. NEIL YOUNG influences are easily seen throughout the album, especially in the incredible finger-picking acoustics to monster chords in epic pieces, like *Make Like Paper*, a 12 minute journey through loss & remembrance. Although a few covers are added, Yes's *Long Distance Runaround*, & the Car's *All Mixed Up* being strangely together, the original material is strong & vibrant. Still the underground giants of songs involving isolation & loneliness, *Songs...* is another huge step for the Painters to eventually step out of the shadows of obscurity & accept a spotlight for true talent & integrity at last.

—Billy Fish

Penny Dreadfuls
Restless Records

OK, you know how I'm a huge sucker for lovely female bands, & this is definitely one of them! But after slipping in this disc, I knew that the only thing that outshined these female's beauty was their honest talent as a group playing straight up heavy pop. Try mixing a strong-yet-delicate voice with a munching guitar that is surprisingly similar to old SABBATH-style riffs. That really threw me at first, but I soon embraced it as both original & very catchy. Playing all areas of the rock spectrum, don't bother labeling this band as anything but damn good! Harmony & strong guitar control most of the songs, which is an easy order to accept. I never fell for the whole Hole thing, & don't see where that band got the media stroking all the time, especially when their are female bands like the Penny Dreadfuls that really deliver the goods so easily & obviously. I mean, what do you really want? Pity-party hype, or four girls kicking out the good stuff with amazing pop prowess?

C'mon, you kids do the math & don't reference Spin or the Stone to figure it out.

—Billy Fish

Peaceful Meadows
Maximum Party!

Allied

I'm told that it's cheap these days to put out your own CD. All I can say, it certainly must be. Get a band together, a few people come see your show down at the local dive, hey, they're drunk: I'm not blaming THEM. God knows the crowd should enjoy you, they want to be entertained, they want to dance. The truth however is that if I'm drunk and in the mood for dancing, you could get on stage and take a syncopated shit and I'd enjoy myself. So enough guys go up "dude, you ought to put out a disc!", next thing you know I have to review it. Well, I'm not seeing you live, I don't have all my friends here, we're not trying to impress girls, I'm not drunk, I don't want to dance, and these guys wouldn't be original punk if they'd come out in 1966.

—Capt. America

Pipe
International Cement
Jesus Christ

After a quick & harsh listen, I quickly reaffirmed my reasons for not drinking whiskey & going to the go-cart track anymore. It just gets out of control real quick & ugly as hell, just like this latest from the newest band from North Carolina, Pipe. There just is no holding them back from start to finish throughout the entire CD. Hard & fast, mean & quick, don't expect anything but a sure-shot kick in the ol pooper on every track.

Imagine a scary mix between old MOTORHEAD & URGE OVERKILL, with a blaring guitar distorted until the tube amps are blowing. Can you? It's cool, but really wild beyond compare! What the hell is going on in the South to create such dirty little monsters that are out to kick this much ass? I couldn't tell you, but I like it, by golly! Produced as raw as the band plays, don't expect anything less than bar-room-brawling, drag-racing, Everclear-drinking, old-fashioned rock & roll that takes no

prisoners, save those with balls big enough to stay at the table long enough to take in this monster attack on the ears & not be completely blown down in their wake. Wow!

—Billy Fish

The Queers
Don't Back Down
Lookout!

Still working the ropes of the punk boxing ring, the Queers are ready to go a few more rounds again. Mixing standard old-school punk & pop harmonies, this new collection of songs is a strange hybrid between sounding like RAMONES & whacked out BEACH BOYS with a hard-on. Either way, you can really catch the similarities & influences of both bands in their songs on this record. Known far & wide as a true working/touring band, their sound is still raw & tough, carved out of the many long miles these guys put on road playing all over the States in every stinking shithole that will have them. They've hit SLC plenty, & should be around soon again in our backyard to slap together another super show.

While you're waiting for the date & venue, pick up this little bubblegum punk pick & get caught up on their new material to add to the list of old classics in their catchy arsenal of songs. It's sure to keep you entertained with innocent songs of love & blatant words of pissy anger & hostility, as only the Queers can base a whole music career behind!

—Billy Fish

Snuff
Snuff Said...
Snuff
Flibbidybibbidydob
Fat Wreck Chords

I have heard more talk & hype about this band than any other band in the last few months, & for a very good reason. They really are all that & a big ol bag of chips! Most young punk bands can barely put together enough songs to make one decent album, but Snuff has so much talent at their disposal they pieced together two new releases! The first, an explosive mostly-original set, is a seat blaster from start to finish. Strong & swift, the nineteen

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JET LI

The next great Hong Kong action star destined to be discovered stateside has got to be Jet (Once Upon a Time in China, Fong Sai Yuk) Li. He is the most fluid and graceful martial artist working in film today. Check him out:

TAI CHI MASTER: Sept. 27 - Oct. 3

Jet teams up with the greatest female martial artist/actress around, Michelle Khan, for this dazzling period film about the origins of Tai Chi. Two monks who are thrown out of a Shaolin Temple for insubordination. Junbao maintains his integrity while Tianbao is seduced by wealth and power. Khan shows herself as adept with a sword as anyone around, and must repeatedly save Junbao's hide. Full of action and humor, this is one of Li's (and Khan's) best.

HIGH RISK

October 4 - 10

This is a Die Hard comedy, a hilarious parody of Jackie Chan where Jet is a stunt man who subs for the superstar bungler who supposedly does all his own stunts. However, the Chan character is an alcoholic, a womanizer, and a coward whose cover is blown when he is taken hostage. It's hilarious and action packed!



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tracks are all guaranteed to drag you along for the ride of your musical summer season with as silly grin as possible on your melon face. Check out the cover of Tiffany & tell me if you're not tapping your toes while laughing your punk ass off?!? Tight as a vice, & combined with raspy-silk vocal harmony, & what a bloody good sound you find! The second release, Flibbuddy... is mainly a covers EP(9 songs!), & has some serious power packed inside it. Racing along like an alcohol-burning funny car, this short-but-sweet collection is damn tough! I lucked out & got both of them, being the wiley writer of tasty tunes. Now it's up to you to decide which one, or both, to buy & start pushing Snuff off with some gusto yourself!

—Billy Fish

Single Cell Orchestra Asphodel Records

It's 1993. You've dropped acid and gone to a rave in the basement of Club X, a big warehouse space where a pool used to be. There's lights and smoke and a guy in silver boots handing out oranges and from midnight until about three in the morning they're playing rave pop songs like *O Fortuna* and *Sesame's Street* and *Everybody Free..feels good* (or whatever the hell that was called, I certainly never bought it). Then when the peaks over and things make sense again but now they feel really fucking good, somebody puts on this album and you just stand over at the side and let it wash through your pores, repetition and pulsing electronic heartbeats and slow wave neurons and watching the crowd move around you love every mother loving one of those bastards, and all is right with the world. Of course, it's 1996. Time's up, get a

life.

—Capt. America

Trenchmouth *The Broadcasting System* Skene!

C'mon down easy, & try this skanky sound on for a smooth trip in the dreamland of future ska-ville. I was completely taken back by the sounds being emitted by my stereo, letting the disc run its course & taking me back to the urban jungle meeting the coolness of the dark Jamaican grooves. This is one funky number, pulling old influences like R&B & ska, & throwing in a pinch of everything from progressive to dance hall to make an addictive stew of collective sound & music. The rhythm tracks are thumping & sexy, pushing the guitar to gently create a wavy, numbing sound that moves back & forth like the waves on a beach. This kind of music goes over like a big fatty at a Rasta party, with everyone getting down with the hip noise. A sweet departure from the usual copycat crunch of today's mainstream music, the bass sounds on the tracks reminds me of old WAILERS & more recent DUB NARCOTIC SYSTEM(without the whiteboy vocals!). Authentic & original, the skanky sounds of Trenchmouth are best heard in a smoky room or in the open with the sun or moon laying out the atmosphere for this intoxicating array of warm & sultry music.

—Billy Fish

Escape From L.A. Soundtrack Lava

The next several months should be interesting. *The Crow: City Of Angels* is competing with *Escape From L.A.* at the box office and the movies have competing soundtracks. They even have some of the same artists. White Zombie, The Toadies and The Deftones have a song on both soundtracks! I can see the children trying to decide which to buy right now. It all depends on what gets played on the radio or MTV. Society is now made up of clones. Sure there are variations on the theme, call it a society with tribes of clones. Each tribe wears the same exact clothes, they listen to the same exact music and each has their

own clone radio station. So all of you silly clones can go down to the record store and purchase whichever soundtrack manages to impress the corporate executives in charge of deciding what you hear on the radio. Just buy them both to complete your collections or try to win copies for your collections by listening mindlessly to the radio.

—Hurt Russell

Deadbolt *Tijuana Hit Squad* IRS Records

Oh come on. "Yeah!... Yeah!... Yeah!... yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah" is a lyric? The self proclaimed "scariest band in the world" has worked their schtick into a contract with a major label. Okay, so it isn't quite a contract with a major label, but Cargo has been picked up for distribution by EMD. What that means is that Deadbolt might be available in the "baigain" stores, but don't count on finding the Smears and don't look for any of it at Wal-mart. Deadbolt is starting to remind me of Wesley Willis. He's crazy, what's their excuse? Oh? They're crazy too? The same, or nearly the same chord progression backs lyrics of an exceptionally weird nature. Ever wondered what happened to Cockeye? He isn't on this new one, he is replaced by "Convict Man" and Cole. We don't find out what happened to Cole either because Deadbolt doesn't know. They are down in Mexico pretending to be gangsters with the Mexican Mafia, or some damn thing. Harley, Les and R.A. are the main culprits. Me thinks they've read to many true crime magazines and damaged their hearing with too much twang and reverb. Everything moves just a tick above slow-motion as tales of a horrible nature are recited. Torcher, murder and crimes of a despicable nature are the topics of Deadbolt as they either smoke unfiltered Camels or generics while wearing leather gloves. It would be so easy to become all critical and pass them off as some sort of bizarre surf/psycho/semi-billy band.

For me any band that can keep working the same territory over and over again while adding new and weirder creative ele-

ments with each new release is at least worthy of respect and by all means worth checking out when they return to some seamy dive in October to "scare" all in attendance. Some of their lyrics are just plain hysterical. Heckle them, they love it and after the show go right up and meet them. They aren't scary at all. Invite Harley to MC your next dance.

—Deadbeat Mom

Dakota Wildflowers Silver Springs Records

This band is sure to become the new darlings of Active Radio and the Modern Rock charts. Heavy guitars, raw vocals, loud/hard/quiet/soft-fast/slow/fast, you all know what it sounds like. You march like the lemmings you are down to the mall to pick up a copy from the endcap. And guess what? It's on sale. Find the ad for the Dakota Wallflowers in the Blockbuster/Media Play/Musicland/Camelot/Fred Meyer displays in your Friday paper. The release date was June 25 and to date none of this has occurred. What? Have you finally tired of the same/same/same, did the new Pearl Garden Sound jam live in the Stone Temple of Nirvana take all of your money or have you turned into a Lemming Kravitz, hooting at the bluefish while the band of Matthews, Dave sings the praises of poppers before lying with Morrisette as Estefan, Dion and Carey screech out the pleasures big dollars give them?

—Sick Of It All

Chainsuck *Angelscore* TVT Records

Chainsuck is an undiscovered little treasure. They are led by Marydee Reynold, a vocal teacher and Berklee School of Music graduate. She sings and plays the guitar. Without the rest of her crew things would be more of the fad of the moment, "girl singer fronts rock band." Chainsuck isn't a "rock" band. Also on board are Robert Trifiro (keyboards), Michael J.F. Smith (drums) and Doug Vargas (sampling). The tendency is to compare Chainsuck to Curve or Coctaeu Twins because of the ethereal nature of the vocals. It

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CD REVIEWS

isn't so because as the instrumentation should demonstrate there is a certain hip hop, laid back industrial lean to the music. Angelscore is a slow burner that requires a suck or two now and again to keep it lit. Lie back and shut the eyes, let Reynold's take you to a world of calm beauty where once and a while a surprise insertion provides the impetus for engaging in bump and grind.

—Big E

Chainsaw Kittens Scratchie

"I can't understand why all these college rock bands look so normal, like they just got out of class," explains Tyson Mead, singer of the Chainsaw Kittens. The blurb on the back of this advance CD goes on to state "that the band will continue their steady touring schedule as we (Mercury) work toward their major breakthrough." Hmm. I'll be watching to see how hard they work to break the band through. Oh, oh, there's the nonsense syllables already appearing in the second songs. Ba-da-ba-daba. Damn it! At least they aren't British. By the third song they win me back when they beg, "can you do that trick with your tongue, you know you've only done it once," as the violins and possibly a theremin saw away in the background. Some ability with the tongue is a more highly desirable skill than typing in the labor pool. "Mouthful Of Glass" again features the weirdly surreal sounds of whatever they are using. (Press materials are lacking so I don't know if they actually have a theremin on board.) and it mentions something about a blowjob with a mouthful of glass? Retreating into Lennon/McCartney territory for "The Leash" they fully reveal

their shameless pop rock tendencies. Bop-ba-da-ba-bop-ba-dah, please don't do that. God damn it. Okay the CD is sometimes pretty, sometimes edgy and always charmingly poppy. A nice way to spend an hour, but I don't think I'll be returning for second time.

—Denise McCloud

Catherine Wheel *Like Cats and Dogs* Mercury Records

Snore...snore...snore. How pretty is the new one from Catherine Wheel? Much to pretty for my taste and much to sedate. I thought this was supposed to be a psychedelic band and not a band to accompany a Tuinol eating session. No, I didn't listen to the whole thing, I couldn't. I want to live! I want to live! A disc to accompany a tear soaked suicide attempt.

Snore...snore...snore.

—Lemmy

Aunt Bettys EastWest Records America

Don't even think I'll be naughty and give the Aunt Bettys a bad review. They give written thanks to Paula Donner and Angelica Cobb. Those two have helped support my music addiction for a number of years. The little booklet included with the CD has illustrations, provided by Tim Okamura, which depict space travelers in a Chevy, pills, syringes, a variety of liquor, a fallen angel, Jesus Christ tending bar, a tattooed lady and a lobotomy? The music itself is some kind of mixture of Southern boogie, the dreaded "alternative" rock, hippie jamming, glam rock and a few Lou Reed...er...Neil Young-like inspirations. "Needless to say" it is an entertaining platter from the get go. Sadly the Aunt Bettys appear to be one of those bands that the record label didn't believe in enough to invest a little of the old "payola" type of bread in. Don't worry, no one will ever find out about "payola" in the '90s. The entire system is so corrupt-there is so much money involved-that an investigation could topple the American way of life. The next to last song is the best. Acoustic guitar backs a spoken word piece on the joys of

barroom life, something I wouldn't know anything about. Nice job Aunt Bettys. I hope the space ship finds you and removes you to a better place.

—Ass Man

Marilyn Manson *Anti-Christ Superstar* Interscope

Yet again the world bursting into flames is recorded to a pounding industrial beat. Who done it? The CD arrived with two strips of tape. One listed the song title and the other listed the recording studio and the date. That is all. Well it is a new song from none other than that Book Of Mormon destroying, Alice Cooper imitating, Reverend wannabe Marilyn Manson. Has this guy/girl started his/her own church? Does he/she believe that election as President Of The United States is in his/her future. Will Yanni finally play live at the Apocalypse with the Four Horsemen of the WWF as backing musicians?

When and if Marilyn Manson is indeed the anti-Christ superstar and he/she is elected President, these and other questions will be answered if and when the song is released as a single or if it appears on a new Marilyn Manson CD. Peace!

—Bubbazebeel

Ani Difranco

Dilate

Righteous Babe Records

It's folk music Gianni, "so fuck you and your untouchable face/and fuck you for existing in the first place." Now, now, now don't get all upset, it's a quoted lyric from the first song. Go back to your sports. Meanwhile I went back to the lyric sheet and found this; "warm wet thanks to everybody who made this atrocity possible...especially," I won't copy the names. How about some more lyrics? **DILATE** is Ani Difranco's eighth album and finally she is very close to becoming a "star," while maintaining her complete and total DIY ethic. The record label is her own. "It's gonna be sudden/it's gonna be strange/I'm gonna turn on a dime/and give you five cents change/it's gonna be long overdue/it's all gonna come outta

me, onto you...yeah one of these days/it's gonna reach the top/then it's gonna start to spill/and it's not gonna stop." My God! According to her publicist Ani isn't doing any interviews at present. She's too smart to let people like me near her. So Ani, what does the title of your new CD concern? "I see you and I dilate." How about that song "Outta Me, Onto You"? There are singer/songwriters (Peter Breinholt anyone?) and then there is Ani Difranco. Punk-folk, trance-folk, hip-hop/trip-hop-folk or whatever, this woman is scary. Scary because of her talent, scary because of her way with words, scary because her lyrics are so open, not to mention confrontational. Make no mistake Ani Difranco is without question one of the greatest talents currently making recordings. This woman astounds me and has me on my knees worshipping a graven image of her last publicity photo, the one with her hair in a top-knot.

The one cover song is worth the price alone. Thousands, if not millions have done "Amazing Grace;" none touch Ani's version. Dilate your pockets and remove some cash. I'll bet most of you haven't heard anything so in your face in your entire pathetic lives. Yes, the whole album concerns love and how it doesn't work.

Call it advance, advance notice, but if I waited until next month the show would already be sold out. Ani Difranco will appear for the third time in Salt Lake City at the Skyline High School Auditorium on October 22. Tickets are \$15 in advance. There isn't a need to list the "at the door" price. Tickets are available only at A Women's Place Bookstore, Raspberry Records and Salt City CDs.

—Burr Ivers

Loudspeaker

Re-vertebrate

Another Planet Records

Not another punk rock record in SLUG. I was reading Billboard the other day and I found a story about Profile dumping all "rock" acts from their roster. How will Magnapop finance their cocaine habits? It hasn't happened yet and Another

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Planet sent another package with some advances to discuss in the next issue. At the present time Loudspeaker is the topic of discussion. Guess what Loudspeaker, the rug was just pulled out from under your feet. Due to the talents of the vocalist, Matt Borruso, Loudspeaker enters the area inhabited by those in love with gasoline huffing. Let me give you some friendly words of advice Matt. Sure that gasoline brings an interesting edge to your vocal abilities, an edge that kept me interested for the entire length of the disc, but what about the future? There isn't a future? Come on man, that was back in '84, get over it.

Loudspeaker and their vocalist rip through 11 tunes in a most exciting hardcore manner. A little melodic guitar breaks in at times and some totally fucked up bass and drums only add to the fumes exiting Borruso's mouth. He is heavily involved in producing the electric guitar noise, because the band is a three-piece and he doubles on guitar. The guy has been well schooled. He can throw down some twang or country blues influenced notes between his raw raps. Play those blues brother and come tell us all about how things are all fucked up in your neck of the United States of America. We already know because we live in one of the most fucked up cities in existence. Could you stop the jamming? I want to beat up my "pit" partner about now. The surprise for all the self-important "critics" around town is this. The kids are in basements and garages all over America. If bands such as Loudspeaker never enter into the Grammy/MTV, platinum selling category They can at least live with the knowledge that some-

place down the road a kid like Kurt will rise up and claim their influence on his music. "Yeah I saw Loudspeaker at the Fowl Friends building back in '96. They are the reason I started to write songs and play guitar." Ride-on!

**Jugheads Revenge
Image Is Everything
Nitro Records**

The title says it all. The world is all messed up and we aren't going to take it. Jughead's Revenge takes on the fashion punks, major labels, a couple of senseless deaths, the environmental disaster, parents who just don't understand and an accounting degree that earned a Hagen-Daz job at the mall. If they think things are bad now just wait until Contract With America is fully implemented. Of course they mention sheep. The best example of sheep is the people who buy Macarena, even worse are the thousands who rise as one to do the dance at any sporting event. A nation of sheep and as Jughead's Revenge states, the sheep are present at every punk rock show. Another relevant topic is discussed in the song "Pain." "Take a piece of concrete and stick it in my face/I like to play with razor blades, I hate the human race/...I love to do the pogo/I love to do the slam/but it's nothing like the feeling/like a knife stuck in my hand." How many so-called punks of the Salt Lake City nation does that bring to mind? To bad none of them listen to the lyrics, oh sure they can spit them out for every sing-a-long, they are more than happy to jump on the stage and shout out lyrics in order to impress all of their friends, but they don't understand them. Read the lyrics in the little booklet and think about what they mean as you thrash about in your little pit. Don't miss the Elvis tribute or the total surf and twang of the instrumental "Skag Up My Ass." **IMAGE IS EVERYTHING** is dedicated to Salt Lake City poseur punks.
—“Auntie” Dave Macon

**Jon Spencer Blues Explosion
Now I Got Worry
Matador**

After that completely horrible album they did with the one and only R.L. Burnside, (I didn't listen to it, I just read the review in a glossy magazine) the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion return with a new release. Don't go down to the stores bothering the clerks as if you were a Rush (Limbaugh) fan, the album doesn't come out until October 15. My copy is an advance kindly provided by one who shall remain nameless. His Name Is Alive, but he cannot be named is not a band much loved by Elvis Hitler or Splatter for that matter, but that is an entirely different tale and I don't want to confuse Forgach again. David Geffen had a listen to **NOW I GOT WORRY** and he called the Spencer household. "Jon," he said, "You can forget that DGC contract right now. Let your girlfriend take over the creative side because you have certainly gone off the deep end." Click.

Now either Mr. Spencer was heavily influenced by what he encountered in the Mississippi juke joints while palling around with Burnside, he went back and listened to some old Pussy Galore tapes or, maybe he became tired of "critics" citing him as a tamer influence on bands pushing the envelope slightly past the opening his most recent presented—the guy is right back where he belongs. Let's imagine you love fast food, especially fried fast food. Ever had a peek inside that big black container of grease they have to the rear of the "restaurant?" Let me interrupt the proceedings to declare that R.L. Burnside is present on this recording. I can hear his voice and I don't need a press kit or an actual copy of the disc to know that ol' bluesman signed on for some session work. Hell, it might pay the electricity or phone bill. After listening to **NOW I GOT WORRY** I remembered some words of wisdom I read in another local rag. To paraphrase, "when they started playing punk on the radio it was time to discover what lies beneath." The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion is tentatively booked to play in November at a local club. Based on my listening experience with their latest CD I'd say a ticket is a mandatory pur-

chase. Maybe he'll bring some of those old hill country juke joint guys with him as the openers. Sorry, not a chance. I forgot for a second where I lived.

—Punk-assed bitch

The Jerky Boys

3

Mercury Records

I'll admit it, some of 3 made me laugh. The ability to string motherfucking asshole, cocksucking bastard, shit eating whore together in an original manner is admirable. Only 12-year-old males or adults without any brains could listen more than once. Pitch it to the Foxworthy/Peters crowd.

—Bud

Jackerlings

This is an experiment. Local guitar wizard James Stewart is joined by N.R.C. It states inside the J-card that, "All compositions are improvised on the spot." The Jackerlings are either improvisational genius or not telling the whole truth. I don't have any doubt that James Stewart is one of the most talented guitarists currently living in Salt Lake City. I question whether he can improvise the interviews he includes on the spot. **A New Type Of System** opens with an accordion solo by Charlotte Stewart. The next note of interest is the pristine sound quality. After one tune an editorial is inserted. An executive from Dick Records gives his views on the current state of the record industry. He expresses my sentiments exactly. You'll need to find a copy to hear it. Something about the record industry manipulating the public and sucking peoples brain's dry with all the bad music. Bought a 99¢ cassette single lately? I'm not accustomed to Stewart rocking out as he does with "Rockers Don't Die (Rockers Live On). He's known for the guitar, but he is getting a hell of a lot better in the vocal department. You go James! How about the Casio and oscillator work from N.R.C.? Back to the interview. James is such a pleasant person, but he seems slightly angry with this commentary. Another song, "Come To God," and he is completely into his rock star phase. This guy is



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supremely talented. You have to laugh, but he could sell-out and become a star anytime he wanted to, if only he wasn't so crazed. Here comes another interview. James uses some naughty words during this interview of a sexually promiscuous male before launching into "Mighty Man." Is there a statement here? Once again I'm running long. SLUG is about to fire me due to hate mail, long reviews, drunkenness and my complete inability to meet deadlines. Fuck I'm probably already fired so you will never read this. Sorry James, I'll pick out some highlights from the rest. The entire Jackerlings tape appears to be based around the concept of hawking a big yellow lunger in the face of the music industry. "Crooked" is cool. Clint Finnegan is diseased and the title song follows. Sarah Smithers opens side two, after the interview James' gives up a few thoughts on homophobia, before reprising "Come To God." What exactly is going on in his mind? There are Christ references! James Stewart takes on virtually every genre of popular music you can imagine and pillories it on this Jackerlings tape. That's enough. The tape has been pulled from most stores. It is obviously too offensive or creative for this market. Buy it if you can find it and watch for his new, soon-to-be released CD.

Go Cart Carbonated

Go Cart is a local band. I read in the Private Eye that, "usually when the local media reports on a local band's performance they pick it apart more than they would a national band. They expect local bands to suck, and that's what they write about for the most part." You just wait until I get my hands on a copy of

Atomic Deluxe's long-anticipated recording Ms Jones. Unlike a lot of local bands Go Cart aren't in love with the Northwest, the South or the Midwest, nope, these boys travel across the ocean to find their inspiration. Now I know people who do actually believe that all local music sucks and that the English can do no wrong. The next time I see them I'll pass along a tape of Go Cart. I know it breaks the law, but I won't mention the band is local. Call it an experiment. In case the lesson was missed Go Cart includes keyboards imitating bagpipes in their third song, "Can't Lead." While the vocalist/bassist, Kevin, or is it drummer/vocalist Dustin, adopts a singing style highly reminiscent of...no I won't stoop to mentioning the name, he is at least singing. That automatically eliminates the band from local popularity because "gruff-boy" is the key around these parts. "Big Top" has the guest keyboard man, Kelly Brown, providing a bit of circus atmosphere and the singer goes completely off the deep end with his vocals. The best lyric is found in "Squash Beatle." "I am so depressed by you I think I'll go home and dye my hair black, I'll put my black shirt on." There is the hit. "Squash Beatle" checks in at around three minutes and the song has enough hooks to compete with any "alt rock" on the radio. Heck the vocals are almost "gruff-boy." Due to the somewhat silly nature of some lyrics and the jaded attitude of others I will shamelessly drop a few names. Go Cart is Salt Lake City's own version of Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers living in the Cure's English manor.

Frank Tedesso *Song's From Einstein's Violin Imaginary Road*

I've been doing better at sneaking things past the censors lately. This is another attempt. Music is either good or bad to me, categories don't matter. Frank Tedesso is the first artist to have a release on William Ackerman's new label. There they go, "Slug is old and tired." Fuck you Helen. I'm old, but as you well know I am not by any

stretch of the imagination tired. Just drunk. Anyway Tedesso runs several serious risks. He risks being filed in the new age or jazz sections of the record store because of the label he records for. One listen to his disc would have the unaware filing it away in the "folk" section. Others would think singer/songwriter. I met Frank in-person. He is 43 and **SONGS FROM EINSTEIN'S VIOLIN** is his first album. He said that he'd started writing songs when he was 17, but he never played them live until he was 30. He was somewhat evasive about his past and would only admit to working passing out flyers on the street and as a janitor. He is reluctant to "press the flesh" - the business side of selling records. He would rather play his songs. I didn't see him play his songs. He was only passing through Salt Lake City. I found him to be another of the "real" crowd. He isn't seeking worship, he's only trying to interest a few people in his songs. The album is guitar and voice. The usual pattern for "folk" singers is to gather some session men for the album and then tour solo. Tedesso recorded solo. His guitar work is understated and it barely present on the CD. What is presented are the words and the voice.

Remember who signed him. The voice has an ambient quality to it. Vocal new age anyone? More cutting edge than Enya/Onya/Inya? I met Frank, I listened to his CD, four times by now, and I keep wondering about him. Is he like Daniel Johnson or Wesley Willis? Did someone pick this poet up from the street? Or is he one of the late bloomers, the baby boomers who can't fit into the boardroom, the talented unrecognized geniuses residing undiscovered because personality, appearance and attitude bar them from life as a pretender? Read the lyric book as he recites. His finger is on the trigger, he could receive his 15 minutes of fame as a SWAT team attempts a peaceful resolution to the crisis, but I doubt it. Hope he comes to town to play and don't miss him if he does.

Fireside *Do Not Tailgate*

American

An "alternative" rock band from Sweden who has listened to plenty of Gang Of Four and Killing Joke. The band have some exemplary names - Frans Johansson, Per Nordmark, Kristofer Astrom and Pelle Gunnerfeldt. The second song in is a demonstration in minimalist theory. The guitarist practices his scales over and over again as the vocalist recites the words and the bass and drums chug along. As usual the tune climaxes with the expected noisy element. It wouldn't be "alternative" rock if there wasn't that final touch. The third song is a virtual cacophony of noise. "But I don't think so" is included as a lyric and there is that guitarist continuing to practice in-between noise segments. By this point in the recording Fireside has captured my interest enough to turn the fucker way up. These are some clanging, banging, far-out, ride-on dudes. Like know what I'm sayin', you know, like they are, know what I'm sayin' like rockin' the farmhouse m-a-a-a-n. In a nutshell. Lieutenants in the hard and heavy "alternative" militia. One record and they are honorary members for life.

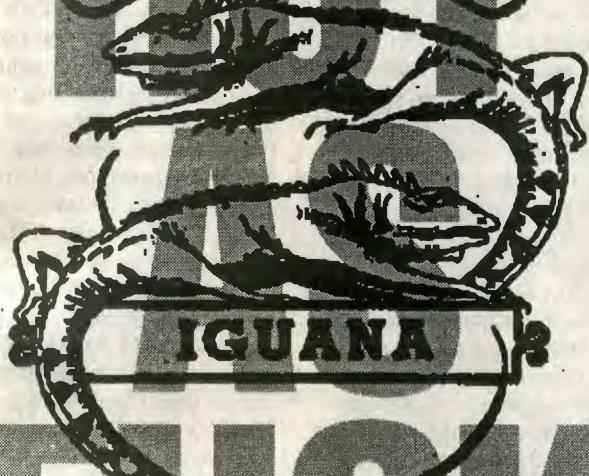
—A Loyal grid Reader

The Stella Brass *Simplicity In Motion* Flatline Records

Oh, oh. I see Herc's name. Herc has never involved himself with shit. The disc is a three song EP from the local band Stella Brass. It fell into my hands accidentally so I had a listen or two. "Click" rumbles along quite pleasantly while reminding me of countless unsung bands from all over the world. What that means is; it doesn't sound local. "Rut" is even better and the reason for the brass in the name is finally revealed. Pretty out there I'd say. For "Nucleus" the horn man comes back to earth. Spoken word over lounge backing and tasty horn blowing. With one song they enter the realm of Laundry. It is time to get up off my lazy ass and go see Stella Brass the next time they play downtown. That is if they haven't hit the road to make their fame and fortune among more

HOT

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musically discerning audiences.

Spoon
Telephono
Matador

Well, well, well. The second CD from Matador to appear in SLUG in two months. Have we suddenly lost our lowly status? Spoon played with the Archers Of Loaf at the Bar & Grill. The CD came into my possession the day after the show. Since the marathon session of music had left me without sleep and burnt out as hell I didn't attend. Could you guys ease up on the live music in bunches? Dash Rip Rock, the Bluegrass Festival, the Jackmormons, Monster Mike Welch, the Misfits and Neurosis left me drained. Neurosis is the band to end all bands. But Spoon isn't half bad. The band comes from Austin. Their country roots barely show. Little touches of twang enter the picture at wholly unexpected moments and there is an added element of surf/garage when the band reaches the instrumental track. Down at grid they are probably all excited and thinking that Spoon is the next best thing to Los Straitjackets. Better late than never I guess, welcome to the third surf revival grid. Believe it or not the latest trend never went away. Also on board with Spoon's CD are the beloved college radio staples. Growlers to go in the vocals, a debt long overdue finally paid off to the Flaming Groovies and distortion, distortion distortion. Of course it's raw and of course it's noisy. Ooh I hate it, where are the production touches?

Six Finger Satellite
Paranormalized
SUBPOP

Six Finger Satellite is to die for. I saw a quote recently

stating, you can't be alternative anymore if you aren't mainstream. All the records stores with an "alternative" section can please remove Six Finger Satellite. I can't figure it out. I guess I'm stupid, or Utah educated, but if you have a magazine, a concert promoter, a radio station and a retail outlet all under the armpit of your smelly corporate empire don't you think that if indeed, you played some of the bands you promote, you might make more money? Forget that noise and forget the noise Six Finger Satellite "dishes" out. Shaun Boy Walton is the only X-96 DJ I listen to. At least that poor bald-headed motherfucker plays new music. And I respect that. Call him up and request "Coke and Mirrors." The only reason I suggest that particular tune is because it is probably the only thing on the CD tame enough for typical local ears. I prefer "Last Transmission" myself. Something to do with the space element and the latest crop circles. Channeling has become an obsessive hobby. Listen to the beings Six Finger Satellite contacted. Okay so it's noise. It is exceptionally cool noise and they do it with some abnormal artistic ideas. That is the reason most of the supposedly "hip" and "out-there" folks don't worship them. Pick up a CD at your favorite moronic shop where they will sheer your wool coat come spring. That's the next promotion. Sheep, have your "wool" sheered by those who turned you into mindless wonders while your favorite local CD spins.

—Denny's Hemoglobin

Sebadoh
Harmacy
SUBPOP

After this record becomes a monster and the band hits the road who do you think is going to book the show in Salt Lake City? United Concerts? The radio arm of the media controlling corporation is already playing a song during drive time. SPIN Magazine has already compared Lou Barlow to David Gates and Sebadoh to Bread? As if Bread would ever close a song with the crash that completes "Prince - 5." "Ocean" is so Sebadoh that all the faith the first

two highly produced songs brought into question is restored. "Nothing Like You" is sleepy and then...oh how about entering the world of Sebadoh. Bring the noise please. Play "Crystal Gypsy" during drive time. Yes indeed we are finally there. I was scared for a few tracks, it sounded too polished, but the disc reveals all the expected sandpaper grit as it moves along. Bread? The charm of Sebadoh is their ability to lay down a ballad with words of the tear-jerking variety and then, on the very next song, they give up the most demented minute of noise that humans can tolerate. I don't know, the last time I talked to Barlow he was in love. From the sound of this CD he still is, but as with all these type of things some "love" episodes are more violent than others. Don't give him all the credit for these epics. Jason wrote half and Bob did one. I'm as biased as hell. Sebadoh could release a disc of Bayside Boys remixes and I'd be all over it. The recording was made in three weeks. Tell that to the other "big budget alternative bands" and while Harmacy is the most polished effort to date it is also the best in a formidable discography Sub Pop can't even complete. I'll be listening to this one off and on until they release the next one.

—Lewd Barrow Pit

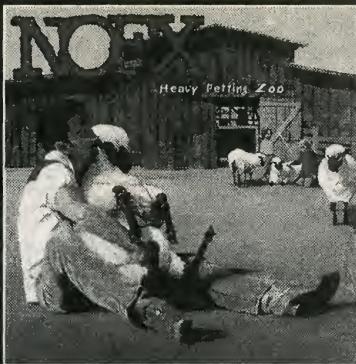
Scenic
Acquatica
World Domination

Jeffrey Clark
Sheer Golden Hooks
Independent Project Records

The first CD was licensed from Independent Project Records and it features label founder/former Savage Republic guitarist Bruce Licher. How do I know this? Not from reading the press kit that's for sure. Mr. Licher has been releasing records for longer than most SLUG readers have been alive. He packages them using recycled materials and an antique letter press. Each release is a limited edition work of art, not "product" for trend conscious consumers. The man has won Grammys for his packaging! World Domination sent a letter explaining their new policy of

sending "review" copies in recycled cardboard jackets. The first two I received brought thoughts of Independent Project to mind anyway, the letter and a copy of the Scenic CD only proved the theory. ACQUATICA is the second Scenic project. While I haven't heard their first release the current album continues expanding themes developed during the Savage Republic days. Drone guitars, middle eastern influences, exotic instruments: trance music for curious minds. The music is difficult and experimental; it is not the mindless noodleling of an ET host. Thus the album won't sell a gazillion copies to lonely middle-aged women or white trash in search of relaxation. Some guru will discover it five years from now. Seminars will follow and those attempting to stop the aging process will come to believe that music inspired by the desert is the ticket. The album will be long out-of-print. Why not jump on the trend now? Desert winds, autoharp, wood flute, bouzouki and guitar drone grow hair without the gray on the head, remove wrinkles, female mustaches and cure male gorilla back. Jeffrey Clark's disc receives the full Licher treatment. The packaging is identical to World Domination's except the cardboard was run through the hand-letterpress. In case you don't understand please pay a visit to Raunch and ask to see some Independent Project recordings. This particular CD is limited to 2,000 copies. Why? Well how would you like to do 2,000 copies by hand? Also included is information on Independent Project's current releases. Jeffrey Clark was formerly the lead singer for Shiva Burlesque. The album is his first as a solo act and it covers the years 1991 through 1995. The early recordings show-case Clark's breathy vocals – dreamy pop music sounding more British than Los Angeles. Strings abound as Clark's words describe sordid details of Los Angeles street-life. The mid-period material is rougher, more American, but the topic remains the same. The dreamy aspects remain in place. He isn't about to rock out in an attempt to get the audience on their feet. Clark has

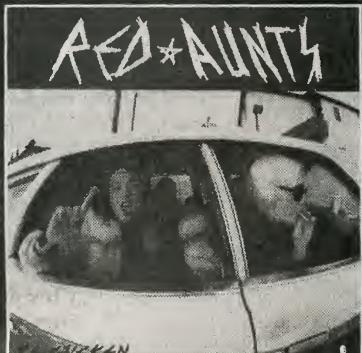
YOU SCRATCH MY BACK AND I'LL STAB YOURS



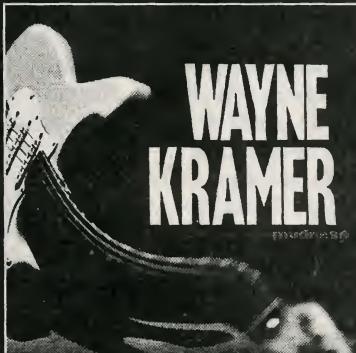
NOFX
Heavy Petting Zoo 5701, 5702



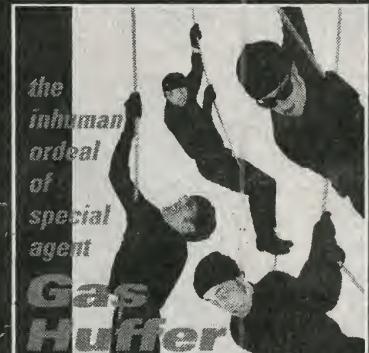
The Humpers
Live Forever Or Die Trying 4201, 4202



Red Aunts
#1 Chicken 4601, 4602



Wayne Kramer
Dangerous Madness 5801, 5802



Gas Huffer
The Inhuman Ordeal... 5901, 5902

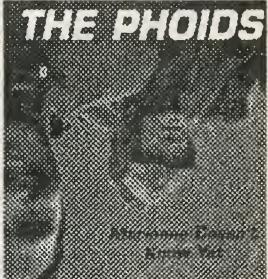
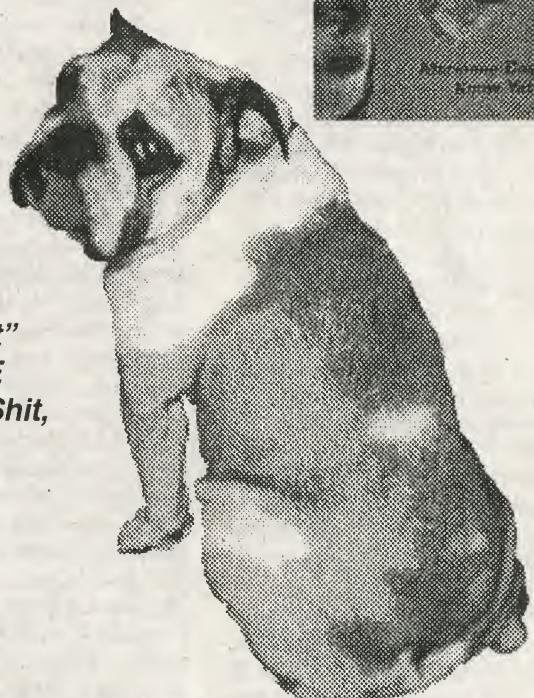
Check out these records on the Epitaph Hotline, just dial (213)I-OFFEND and punch in the code. → ☎ E

THE PHOIDS

From my ass comes many wondrous things, take for instance, shit. Shit is stinky, squishy, and it doesn't smell very good, but it's not something you should put in a CD player. So why do so many people put shit in their CD player? Well?

"Marianne Doesn't Know Yet"
The latest release from THE PHOIDS, this is definitely not Shit, bitch!!

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CD REVIEWS

spent some time as either a junky or a homeless person judging from his lyrics. Or, it could be that he has a talent for recording the seamier aspects of life as a Los Angeles musician. Most bottom feeders only gain respect after death. Clark includes a quote from Phil Oches, (An inspiration perhaps?) in his liner notes. The closing songs reveal Clark for what he is - a street poet with a unique knack for capturing what his eyes see and putting the vision into words.

-Dumb, Drunk, Punk, Fuck

Red Aunts
Saltbox

New Bomb Turks
Scared Straight
Epitaph

It is now time to become rude, crude and obnoxious, as well as pen a few true words. If the truth hurts then why are you so phony? Frank Zappa wrote a song about this town. It was titled "Suzy Creamcheese" and from my experience time hasn't changed the "plastic" people one bit. I called Mike Bazillo at Epitaph Records and requested copies of both these CDs along with a third. He put all three in a package, along with some extra things and mailed it off. I never received it. One of the CDs wound up in some aware hands. At least she'll enjoy it. As for the others? Epitaph squandered some good promos. What a waste of a college education. Go listen to Jughead's Revenge for their analysis. New Bomb Turks used to record for Crypt. The very mention of Crypt should bring tears of joy to any self-respecting trash hound's eyes, not to mention the ears. Now the New Bomb Turks have signed to Epitaph in an attempt to confuse

everyone. Think of Sterno - a five-gallon can of it. Watch the singer drink it all before hitting the stage. Think of Seattle circa 1964. Think of girls suspended in cages high over the bar wearing only go-go boots, pasties and a g-string. The band on stage tears through one trash-punk tune after another at a speed surpassing the top end of a 1967 GTO. The girls shimmy and shake, the dance floor is filled with drunks gyrating while drinking from pint bottles of bourbon. Empty one and fling it at the band on stage. It comes back twice as fast and they launch into the next trashy anthem as a brawl breaks out among the dancers. I'd have to fight Helen for this one, if she still worked here. I'm sure she'll get her own copy at her new magazine. No one else at her present employer will understand what is contained in the pits. Anyone thinking Epitaph is a pop-punk label need only listen to the Humpers, Gas Huffer, Total Chaos, Red Aunts and New Bomb Turks. Things at Epitaph run the gamut, don't judge them by the bands making them profitable. Judge the general public's taste in music. The Red Aunts began their careers on another of the more adventurous labels. Sympathy For The Record Industry stands right up alongside Crypt. The Red Aunts also count the Flat Duo Jets among their favorite bands, thus bringing Norton Records into play. SALTBOX is the Aunts fourth album and their second for Epitaph. If New Bomb Turks are too grating for the ears it is best to skip Red Aunts. The follow-up to one of the greatest, most grating, abrasive, discs of female pop (#1 CHICKEN) is better than expected. I can see the present owner of my original copy listening in horror. Screeching trash-punk with all the charm of a back-alley cat fight. The blues/R&B roots shine through the formidable racket this four-piece band committed to tape. Of course a Hammond organ and Silvertone guitars are involved. So is Andy Kaulkin for one song. The closer is a straight blues complete with Silvertone lap steel played by Terri. You haven't bought SALTBOX yet? Better git down to Salt City, Raunch,

Raspberry or the Heavy Metal shop before they sell out. Check every store selling used CDs for the promotional copy I was originally supposed to receive. Baaah, baaah, baaah! Maaah, maaah, maaah!

-Wilhelm daFoe

Porky Cohen
with Roomful Of Blues &
Special Guests
Rhythm & Bones
Bullseye Blues

Porky Cohen's first CD as a leader is an excellent example of jump blues and big band swing. Cohen is elderly at the present time. This guy played with almost every big band there was. He spent some time with one of the best swing blues band in the nation (Roomful Of Blues) and he was drawn out of retirement to record the CD. The cat plays the trombone and the CD is mostly instrumental. Roomfull Of Blues, is joined by Gordon Beadle and Marty Ballou from the Duke Robillard and along with the swinging, jazzy tunes they throw a Tex-Mex curve. Listen to KRCL and the Mountain's blues programs for a sample. If they don't play it call and request it.

-Bernie

Pet
Igloo Records/Tag Recordings

How about a few words on the first band signed to Tori Amos' new label? There really isn't a need because they can probably push 100,000 units or more through on the basis of Amos' approval alone. Amos is also listed as the executive producer. Up the figure to 200,000. The presence of a "little girl" voiced singer who can roar when the mood strikes doesn't hurt. This woman can go from all whispery and breathy to a Kurt Cobain sound-a-like in the middle of a lyric. On the basis of her vocals alone the debut is a winner. The sensual/rage filled lyrics are backed by minimalism mutating into trademark noise, in other words Pet is yet another in a seemingly endless stream of "alternative" rock bands fronted by a talented female. Don't start thinking of Alanis quite yet. There is an edge to the band that the Morrissey machine lacks.

That growl can't be good for the vocal chords. Listen hard for this band on the radio. Pet will be there, guaranteed. As for who is in the band or any other information I don't have it. As usual the CD is an advance lacking a cover and the only info arriving with it was news of Amos' involvement and instructions to insert and press play. I did it and deemed it very good, most interesting and ear pleasing. Now can I have the full package with an 8 x 10 of the vocalist to hang on my wall, a bio and a CD with a cover? Please.

-Mrs Blue

Nothingface

Nothingface is a DC area band with a sound guaranteed to frighten dogs and small children. The bio says, "By the start of '96 Nothingface had become the most recognized band in the DC./Baltimore area." How about "The Show" "A new generation of DC music revitalizing the scene once dominated by hardcore legends Fugazi, Scream and Black Flag." Black Flag? The album is called *Pacifier* and it will be released on September 13th. September 13th? Well it is indeed a Friday and this band would like their music in the hands of all who celebrate Friday the 13th. The four-song advance has "Lipslick," "Undercut," "Pacifier" and "One Thing." The single is the title song and it should thrill all and sundry around this town. Sore throat rapping backed by the customary hard, rhythmic noise. The publicity photo shows four young men without a smile among them. Guess what? "Things" aren't pleasant. "One Thing" more. "You're all gonna die, aaaaaaaa!" Nothingface will pay a visit to Spanky's on September 25 and the very next night they will be at the Bar & Grill. Nine Spine Stickleback will open. There's the information. Now go make a big mess of yourself and all of your friends.

IF WE DIDN'T REVIEW YOUR RECORD...it may be cuz we are a little behind. We will try to catch up next month...

.thanks man

SOLUS**Slave Of Mind****Skin Mask**

A Canadian production company called Skin Mask sent me SLAVE OF MIND from the band Solus. The music rages itself into a fury from the first song, "Caustic" to the last, "Core". This is an album I think drummers will be especially interested in. The drummer for this band is amazing. The vocals are brutal enough to keep up with the rest of the band, but clean enough in parts to almost be understood. I only have one problem with this release. There is not one damn guitar solo on the entire thing. Man, I love a good solo. I'll protect it like an endangered species if I have to. Other than that, SLAVE OF MIND hits the spot.

PRO-PAIN**Contents Under Pressure****Energy**

New York thrashers, Pro-Pain have recently completed their latest album, CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE. These boys play with the cool, self assurance of knowing they're damn good. The music isn't overly complicated or extremely technical, though it is creative and intelligent enough to be thoroughly effective. The band's philosophy of keeping themselves "down to earth" is also evident in their music. Pro-Pain keeps things simple and to the point.

Lyrical inspiration seems to come courtesy of this twisted world, it's inhabitants, and all that human nature makes us all capable of. Gary Meskil (vocals/bass) doesn't consider himself to be as angry as he is just plain skeptical. His lyrics don't offer solutions to all of the world's problems, but they do provide the kick in the ass which is often needed to find them. This album should do a lot for this band.

OVERDOSE / Scars**Fierce Recordings**

The band Overdose are set to release their latest album, SCARS on September 17. Their last album, PROGRESS OF DECADENCE, marked their long awaited break into the U.S. market. The band has been around since 1985, and have five albums on the Brazilian based

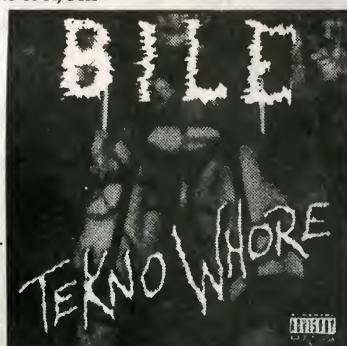
Cogumelo label. As of their last album, Fierce Records and the band have been enjoying Overdose's increased commercial success. PROGRESS OF DECADENCE spent over 40 weeks on the U.S. college radio charts. The band's latest ven-

Conformity was in Felton, Delaware. I was probably in ninth or tenth grade. The show took place at an old, closed-down roller rink. I still have the C.O.C. concert t-shirt from that night. C.O.C. continues on with their ass-end heavy, Southern-style, blues rock. WISE-BLOOD, as well as their last two releases

WRITTEN IN BLOOD

Hard music for a Hard world by John Forgach

ture SCARS combines precision guitar work with an equally impressive percussion and vocal section. The band is unrelenting in their brutal style of metal. Well, "The Last Word" is a kind of kick back tune, so I guess they relent a little. Overdose came through Salt Lake about 2 years ago while on tour with Skrew. They were supposed to return last summer with the Noise Fest tour, unfortunately that tour crapped out long before it made it here.

**FLOODGATE**
Penalty
Roadrunner

Floodgate is one of Roadrunner's latest signings. The band was formed by former Exhorder vocalist Kyle Thomas. I've been wonder-

ing what happened to Exhorder. Apparently, that band went to the big concert hall in the sky back in '93. Since then, Kyle has taken up the guitar and worked on material for Floodgate. At least he had the sense not to go out and get a real job. The band's influences, which include Sabbath, play a large part in their sound. Floodgate takes the traditional recipe for good rock n' roll, and updates it with today's metal feel. Kyle, a classically trained vocalist, feels this band gives him more room to express himself musically. The words, "...one of the best new bands" have even been used to describe the band by Roadrunner VP, Monte Conner.

CORROSION OF CONFORMITY
Wiseblood
Columbia

The first time I saw Corrosion Of

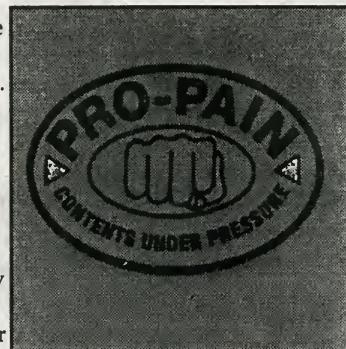
(DELIVERANCE and BLIND), marks a transitioning point for the band. Albums this band has released in the 1990's have had more of a metal sound and feel. C.O.C. fans from the band's early years might think I've missed the boat, but in my opinion the band has never been better. It

may not be old school hardcore anymore, but it still has enough punch to have you stumbling out on the sidewalk muttering to yourself, "where are the rest of my teeth?"

THE CALIFORNIA
TAKEOVER...LIVE
Earth Crisis/Snapcase/Strife
Victory

Hardcore fans, check out Victory Record's, THE CALIFORNIA TAKEOVER. It's a live album featuring Earth Crisis, Snapcase, and Strife. The material was taken from an April 12th, 1996 show, that took place at Hollywood's, Whisky A-Go Go. The CD contains four songs from each band. Track five, ECOCIDE by Earth Crisis, was even dedicated to all of the people that went to the show from Salt Lake. This release really captures the raw energy of a hardcore show. You can hear the fans singing along entire songs. Now that's dedication. Well, especially when you compare it to last night's Slayer show. The question went out to the crowd, "What's the title track of our second album?". I don't think anyone knew. Tom Arya didn't seem too pleased. Here's a chance to redeem yourselves.

Anyone that can send me the name of the last song on side two from the



album HELL AWAITS by Slayer, will AT LEAST get one of the new Written In Blood stickers. Send your responses (attention Written In Blood) to the address for SLUG in the front of the magazine.

BILE**Teknowhore****Energy**

Experimental music takes us down paths we haven't traveled, rather than trying to improve on an existing form of music. Since it's beginning, the Long Island, New York based band, Bile would fit the definition of experimental music. Even though, the fact that it is experimental, leaves

it safe from being completely definable. Bile combines metal, industrial, dance, techno, samples, etc., and forms them into a soundscape of the truly disturbed. The members of this band have also added genuine talent, which has been fostered for years in the New York underground, as both combined and individual efforts. The band's first full-length release, TEKNOWHORE comes two years after their debut EP, SUCKPUMP.

August was certainly a good month for live shows. I began by removing the leather jacket, Metallica t-shirt and motorcycle boots, scraping off the press on skull tattoos, taking off the studded wrist bands, and went to the Cure. Metal no, good yes. Next... Life Of Agony, Anthrax, and The Misfits. Was Athey anywhere to be found? Hell no! Punk. Don't say you were there, I checked with the door half way through the show. Oh well, it was probably best we didn't meet. I was crying in my beer all night after finding out Cannibal Corpse wasn't coming. The next night, Victory's Bloodlet and Relapse Record's Neurosis rolled into town. The crowd responded favorably to Bloodlet's style of "evil core". Neurosis's show left everyone pretty much mesmerized, though the floor erupted into a pit at various points during their performance. If you were into that show, ENTHEOGEN by Bloodlet and THROUGH SILVER IN BLOOD by Neurosis will interest you. I rounded out my concert going experience this month with Slayer. I'll talk about that later.

—Forgach

DAILY CALENDAR

Thursday, September 5

Pagan Love Gods - Ashbury Pub
Reverand Willie - Dead Goat
Gluey Bros - Holy Cow

Friday, September 6

Lost Elf - Ashbury Pub
Pepper Lake City - Burt's
Backwash - Dead Goat
Sweet Loretta - Holy Cow
Moc Orange - Go Figure - Spanky's
Spittin' Lint - Zipperz
Left Over Salmon - Zephyr

Saturday, September 7

Sun Masons - Ashbury Pub
Gypsy Trabadours - Burt's
Volunteer King - Dead Goat
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Wives, Decomposers - Spanky's
Left Over Salmon - Zephyr

Sunday, September 8

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, September 9

William Clark Band - Dead Goat

Tuesday, September 10

Semi Sweet Loretta - Ashbury Pub

Wednesday, September 11

Noco Joe - Ashbury Pub
Kirsty McDonald - Burt's
Shoot the Mime - Dead Goat
MDC, DUI - Spanky's

Thursday, September 12

Flakey Jane - Ashbury Pub
URI's World - Burt's
The GIGI Love Band - Dead Goat
Thirsty Alley - Holy Cow
Spurge, Nine Spine Stickleback - Spanky's
Poi Dog Pondering - Zephyr

Friday, September 13

Blanche - Ashbury Pub
Sweet Loretta - Burt's
House of Cards - Dead Goat
23 Died, 13 mg, Honest Engine - Holy Cow
Sugarhouse - Spanky's
Poi Dog Pondering - Zephyr

Saturday, September 14

Jack Mormans - Ashbury Pub
Accidental Tribe - Burt's
Sleepy LaBeef - Dead Goat
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Sweet Loretta - Spanky's

Sunday, September 15

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, September 16

Blue Devils Blues Revue - Dead Goat

Tuesday, September 17

My Dog Vodka - Ashbury Pub
The Warrmers - Spanky's

Wednesday, September 18

Noco Joe - Ashbury Pub
Ducky Boys - Burt's
Sun Masons - Dead Goat
Soulgrind - Holy Cow
Modle Citizen, Quango, The Generics - Spanky's

Thursday, September 19

Liquid Courage - Ashbury Pub
Bary Jones Band - Burt's
The Weed - Dead Goat
Soulgrind, Shangrila - Spanky's

Friday, September 20

Backwash - Ashbury Pub
Sturathon - Benefit for Child Abuse Prevention Center - Bar & Grill
Armed and Dangerous - Burt's
Zion Tribe - Dead Goat
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Meshell Ndegeocello - Spanky's

Saturday, September 21

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, September 23

Deacon Jones and the Vortex Band - Dead Goat

Sunday, September 22

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, September 23

Blue Devils Blues Revue - Dead Goat

Queers, Smugglers, Cub - Spanky's

Tuesday, September 24

Jerry Joseph - Ashbury Pub
Lifter - Holy Cow

Wednesday, September 25

Noco Joe - Ashbury Pub
Kirsty McDonald - Burt's
Sam and the Hunchback - Dead Goat

Tongue and Groove - Holy Cow
Nothing Face, Nine Spine Stickleback - Spanky's

Thursday, September 26

Spittin' Lint - Ashbury Pub
Sweet Loretta - Burt's Tiki
Kennedy Scott and the All Nighters - Dead Goat
Caroline's Spine - Holy Cow
Molly McGuire,
Opposable Thumb - Spanky's

Friday, September 27

Accidental Tribe - Ashbury Pub
Garage Party - Bar and Grill
Loose - Burt's
Smilin' Jack - Dead Goat
Promise, We the Living,
Sugarhouse - Holy Cow
Sun Masons, Dexter Grove - Spanky's
Jrs. Farm - Dead Goat

Saturday, September 28

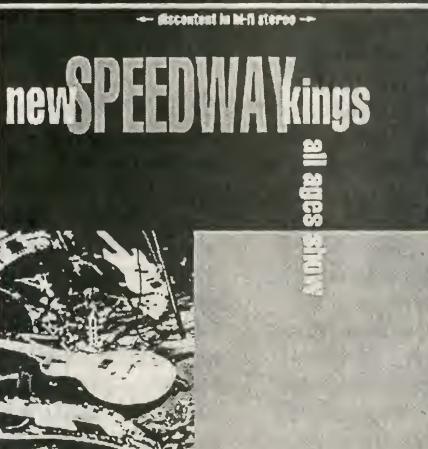
Fat Paw - Ashbury Pub
Sabathon - Benefit for Child Abuse Prevention Center - Bar & Grill
Armed and Dangerous - Burt's
Zion Tribe - Dead Goat
Bootie Quake - Holy Cow
Meshell Ndegeocello - Spanky's

Sunday, September 29

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Monday, September 30

Deacon Jones and the Vortex Band - Dead Goat



New Speedway Kings are a punk band from San Francisco, with a six song CD. (\$7)

"Hang 10" is a 10 band compilation 10 inch. It offers surf related music from Helen Love, Fun Fun Attitude, Boyz Next Door, Tornadoes, Woodies; etc. (\$7)

The Grumpies are Amy, Vince and Jayson. They are from Mississippi. They play four fast songs on their debut single. They will play in your house!

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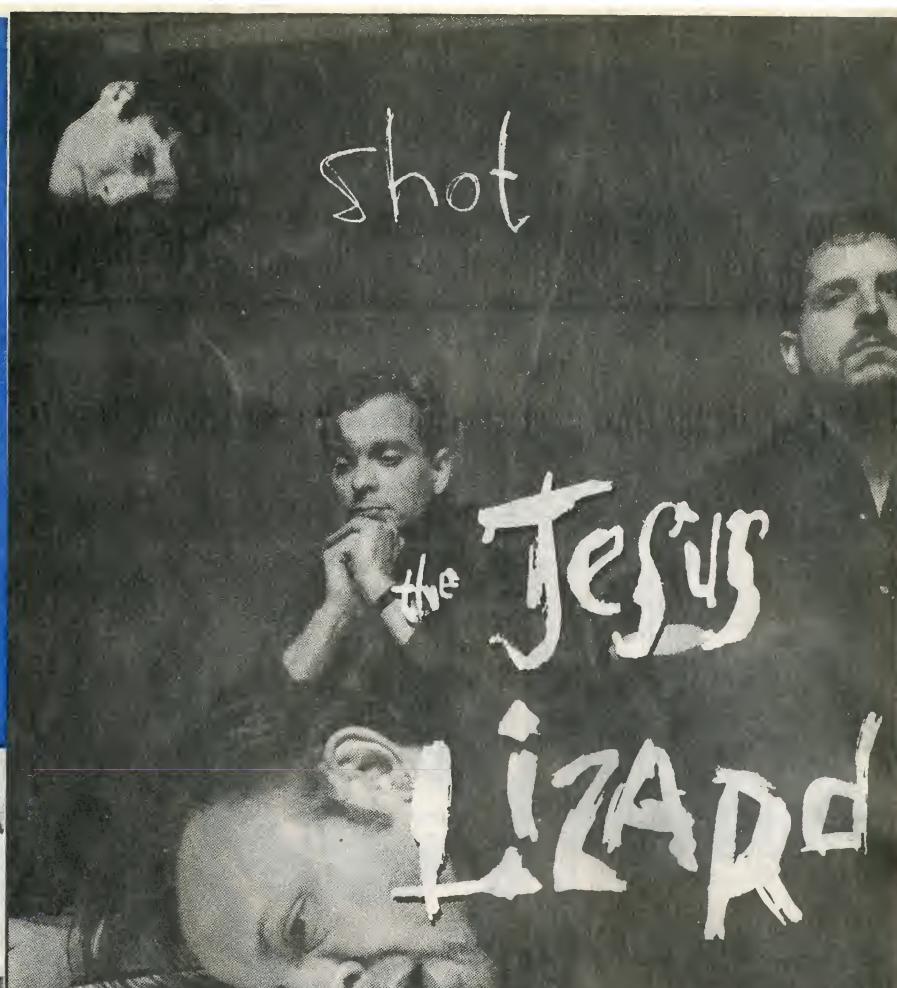
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